

★ **TV RADIO MIRROR**

RADIO MIRROR

DEC.



**Ed Sullivan
and Elvis Presley**

**EXCLUSIVE!
THE GIRL
WHO GOT
TO PRESLEY**

NEW!



BETTY OAKES
of *Valiant Lady*



TEAL AMES
The Edge of Night



Your hair behaves
the right way
the first day



SHASTA
CREAM SHAMPOO

Shasta does not strip away nature's ingredients that give hair "body"! Shasta is different; a luscious cream that does *not* scour your hair. Because it cleans so gently . . . it actually guards your hair against fly-away dryness; leaves it soft, soft, soft. It's sparked with lanolin; lathers in any kind of water; gives your hair that romantic Shasta sheen!

Now you can shampoo, then comb or set and *you're* all set. No more first-day "wild" hair, drooping curls or flying wisps. With Shasta, your hair behaves the right way right away!



NEW MUM[®] CREAM

The doctor's deodorant discovery
that now safely stops odor 24 hours a day



Underarm comparison tests made by doctors proved a deodorant *without* M-3 stopped odor only a few hours—while New Mum *with* M-3 stopped odor a full 24 hours!

You're serene. You're sure of yourself. You're handbox perfect from the skin out. And you stay that way night and day with New Mum Cream. Because New Mum now contains M-3 (hexachlorophene) which clings to your skin—keeps on stopping perspiration odor 24 hours a day. So safe you can use it daily—won't irritate normal skin or damage fabrics.

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"Who'd believe I was
ever embarrassed
by Pimples!"



New! Clearasil Medication 'STARVES' PIMPLES

SKIN-COLORED . . . hides pimples while it works.

At last! Science discovers a new-type medication especially for pimples, *that really works*. In skin specialists' tests on 202 patients, 9 out of every 10 cases were *completely cleared up* or definitely improved while using CLEARASIL.

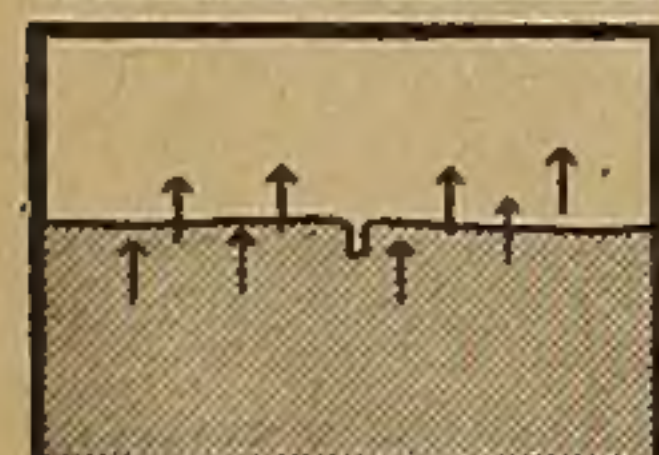
CLEARASIL WORKS FAST TO MAKE PIMPLES DISAPPEAR



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2. ISOLATES PIMPLES . . . antiseptic action of this new type medication stops growth of bacteria that can cause and spread pimples.



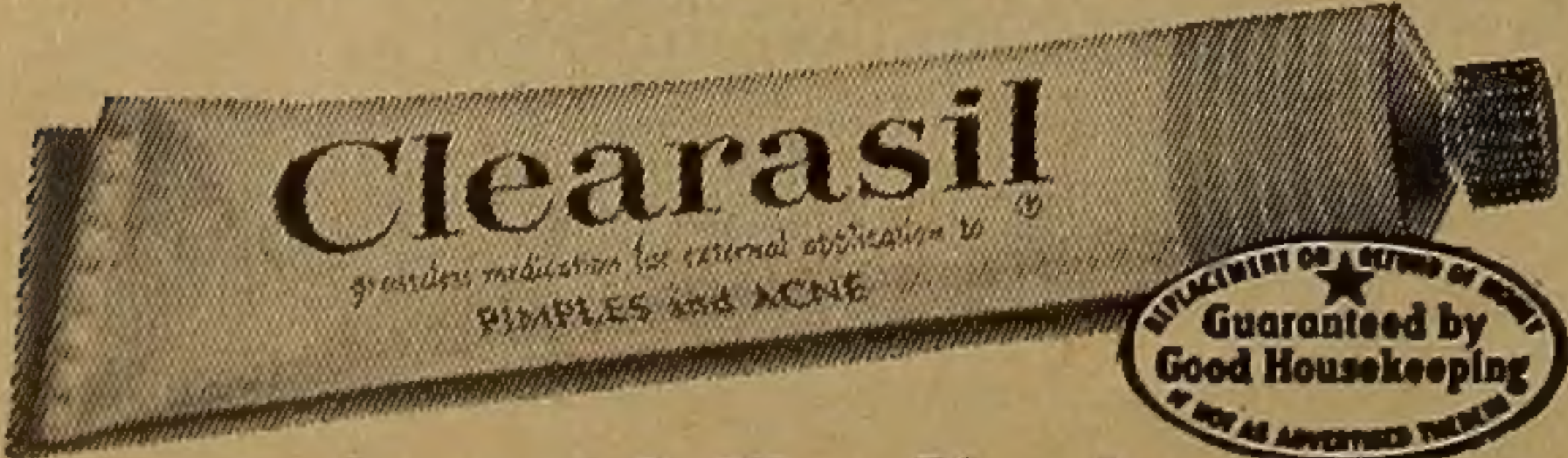
3. 'STARVES' PIMPLES . . . CLEARASIL's famous dry-up action 'starves' pimples because it helps to remove the oils that pimples 'feed' on.

SKIN CREAMS CAN 'FEED' PIMPLES CLEARASIL 'STARVES' THEM

Oil in pores helps pimples grow and thrive. So oily skin creams can actually 'feed' pimples. Only an oil-absorbing medication . . . CLEARASIL, helps dry up this oil, 'starves' pimples.

'FLOATS OUT' BLACKHEADS

CLEARASIL's penetrating medical action softens and loosens blackheads from underneath, so they 'float out' with normal washing. So why suffer the misery of pimples or blackheads! CLEARASIL is guaranteed to work for you, as in doctors' tests, or money back. Only 69¢ at all drug counters (economy size 98¢).



**Largest-Selling Pimple
Medication in America (including Canada)**

TV RADIO MIRROR

DECEMBER, 1956

ATLANTIC EDITION

VOL. 47, NO. 1

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Cover photographs of Elvis Presley and Ed Sullivan courtesy of CBS-TV. Mr. Presley appeared on The Ed Sullivan Show on October 28 and will be seen in Twentieth Century-Fox's "Love Me Tender."

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DON'T EVER SHAMPOO YOUR HAIR

without putting back the life shampooing takes out.

Restore life, luster, manageability instantly!

If you hate to shampoo your hair because it flies all over your head and looks terrible for days, why don't you face up to the facts?

Every shampoo you try makes your hair too dry, doesn't it?

So what happens? After you shampoo, you have to wait two or three days for the natural beauty oils to come back. Then, just when your hair begins to look and act alive, *it's time for a shampoo again.*

Now isn't that silly!

Half the time your hair is so dry you can't do a thing with it. Simply because modern shampoos wash all the beauty oils out of your hair and scalp!

But you aren't the only one who has this problem. Millions of women hate to shampoo their hair for exactly this same reason. That's why Helene Curtis invented SUAVE Hair-dressing. And look what it does!

The instant you finish washing and drying your hair, rub a little SUAVE over your palms, and stroke through your hair thoroughly. Then brush and arrange your hair . . . *and look at the amazing difference!*

Suddenly your hair combs, sets and arranges like magic! It's manageable! No wild wisps. Dryness is gone!

A miracle has happened!

Your hair is silky soft, bursting with highlights . . . with the prettiest, healthiest-looking glow you ever saw!

And it *stays* wonderfully in place, without the slightest oily look or feel!

That's the miracle of Helene Curtis' beauty discovery—*greaseless lanolin*—now in new SUAVE . . . a hairdressing so wonderful that it makes your hair soft, beautiful, radiant and manageable in 20 seconds after shampoo!

So do as Helene Curtis tells you

"No matter if you are 16 or 60, don't ever shampoo your hair again without using SUAVE to restore the beauty oils you just washed out. Do this, and I promise you your hair will be so beautiful, so satin-soft, so eager to wave, you'll get compliments galore!"

Start using SUAVE today! Choose the liquid or new creme SUAVE, whichever type you prefer. Available wherever cosmetics are sold.

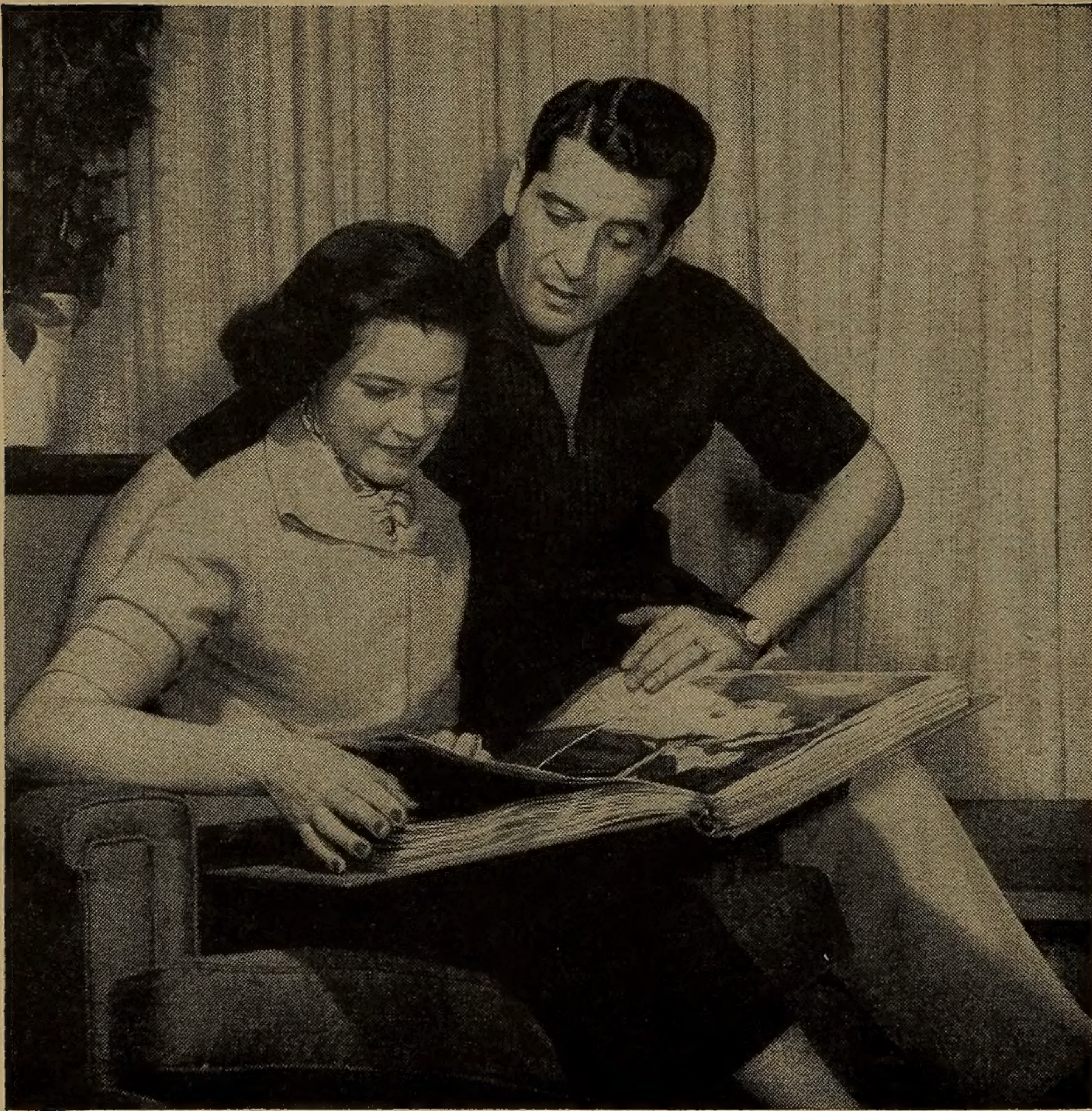


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Suave^{*}
HAIRDRESSING & CONDITIONER

Choose Liquid
or new Creme
59¢ and \$1
(plus tax)



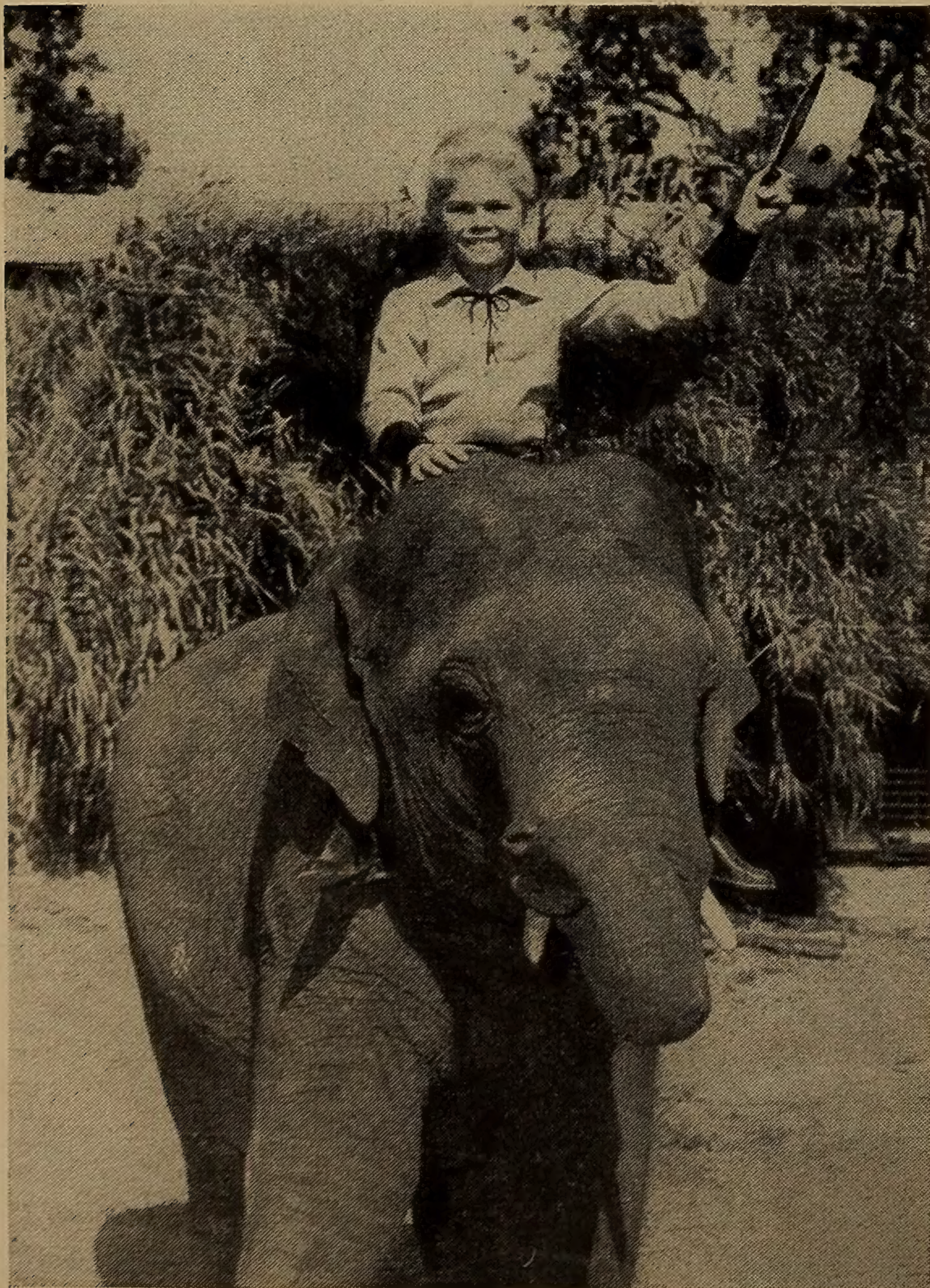
*Trademark



Candy watches closely—and views with alarm—as Hal March emcees a beauty show. Teases Hal, it's "rough work."



How hi the fi? The Singing Rage, Miss Patti Page, is head-in-the-clouds over a new album.



Democrats balked when Mickey Braddock of *Circus Boy* brought his elephant to *Today*.

WHAT'S NEW

By PETER ABBOTT

LOVE & MARRIAGE: After three quarters of a year's marriage to Hal March, wife Candy reports a blissful state. "I always knew him as a good, dependable bachelor, but I had no idea just how wonderful he would be with kids." Candy has two by previous marriage to Mel Torme and reports Hal has taken on all chores — from horseplay to discipline. She says, "I've got to admit, though, I'm not too pleased about his new show, The Most Beautiful Girl In The World. Let's face it, there are women who have little respect for marriage. I'd prefer Hal were doing the Ugliest Girl et cetera." Hal grins and says, "I worry about it, too. Being around beautiful girls is rough work."

STOP & GO: Mickey Braddock, who plays title role in Circus Boy series, visited the Garroway show with elephant, Bimbo. Everyone was pleased except a



"Divorced" from Caesar, Nanette Fabray visited home, then made "spectacular" plans.



Sir Lancelot, alias William Russell, met wife Balbina in a poetic scene. But whither chivalry as they traded blows?

FROM COAST TO COAST

couple of kidding Democrats who asked equal time for a donkey. . . . All this fuss about Elvis getting 50-grand for four shows with Sullivan, when Frankie-boy gets 40 G's for one show with Dinah. . . . Jane Rose, who plays Ma Dale on Love Of Life, was in Monaco, but not to visit with the Rainiers. She made a film, "Monte Carlo," with Marlene Dietrich. . . . Betty Russell, typist at Queen For A Day office, has cut a record on Viv label entitled "Gypsy Love." It's now auditioning at major recording companies.

TWO PATS & A PEG: Dazzling Patti Page bedazzled herself at a recording session with Pete Rugolo's brilliant band. As the songs were played back she gasped, "I can't believe it's me." And when an artist like Patti is so enthusiastic about her own work you know it's something wonderful. And it is. It's all in

an Emarcy album titled, "P-P in the Land of Hi Fi." . . . And your toes curl when Peggy Lee sings "The Thrill Is You." You can just about feel her breath on your neck. So great, so creative is this gal, as usual, in the new Decca session, "Black Coffee With Peggy Lee." . . . Pat Boone, three times a pappy, was worried about what would happen to his popularity when teen-age fans discovered he had a family. This is what's happening—the kids are writing in and offering to baby-sit for free. But wife Shirley is glad enough to just have him home at Leonia, New Jersey. Pat is so busy. He is still at Columbia University, studying to teach, and his grades are so high that he will probably make Phi Beta Kappa. He gets his B.A. next year and then plans to work on his Master's. "Playing it safe," he says, "I want something to fall back on."

(Continued on page 13)

"X" MARKS HIS SPOT

*Music does the talking
for him as John A. Gambling
carries on a family tradition on
WOR and the Mutual Network*

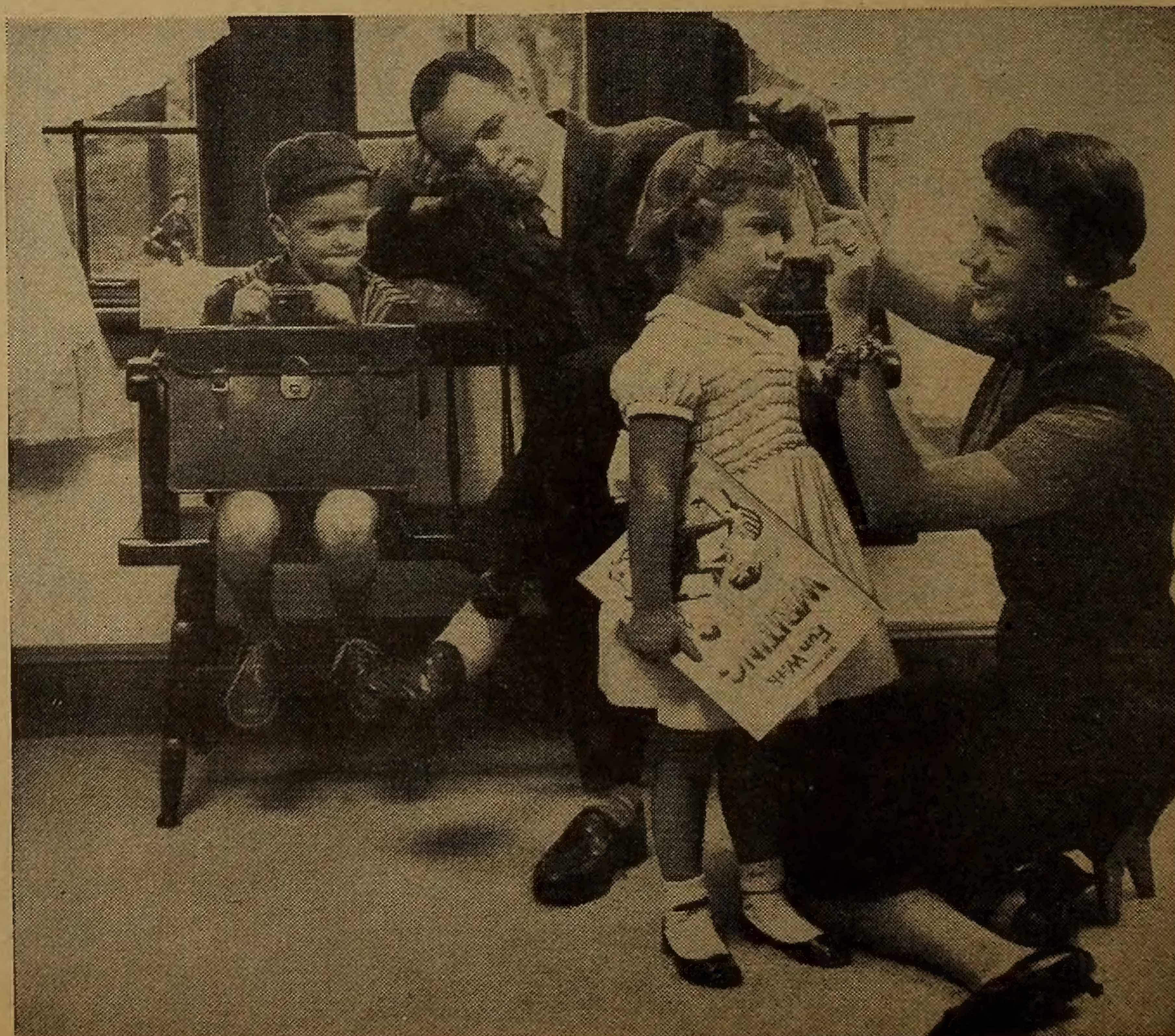


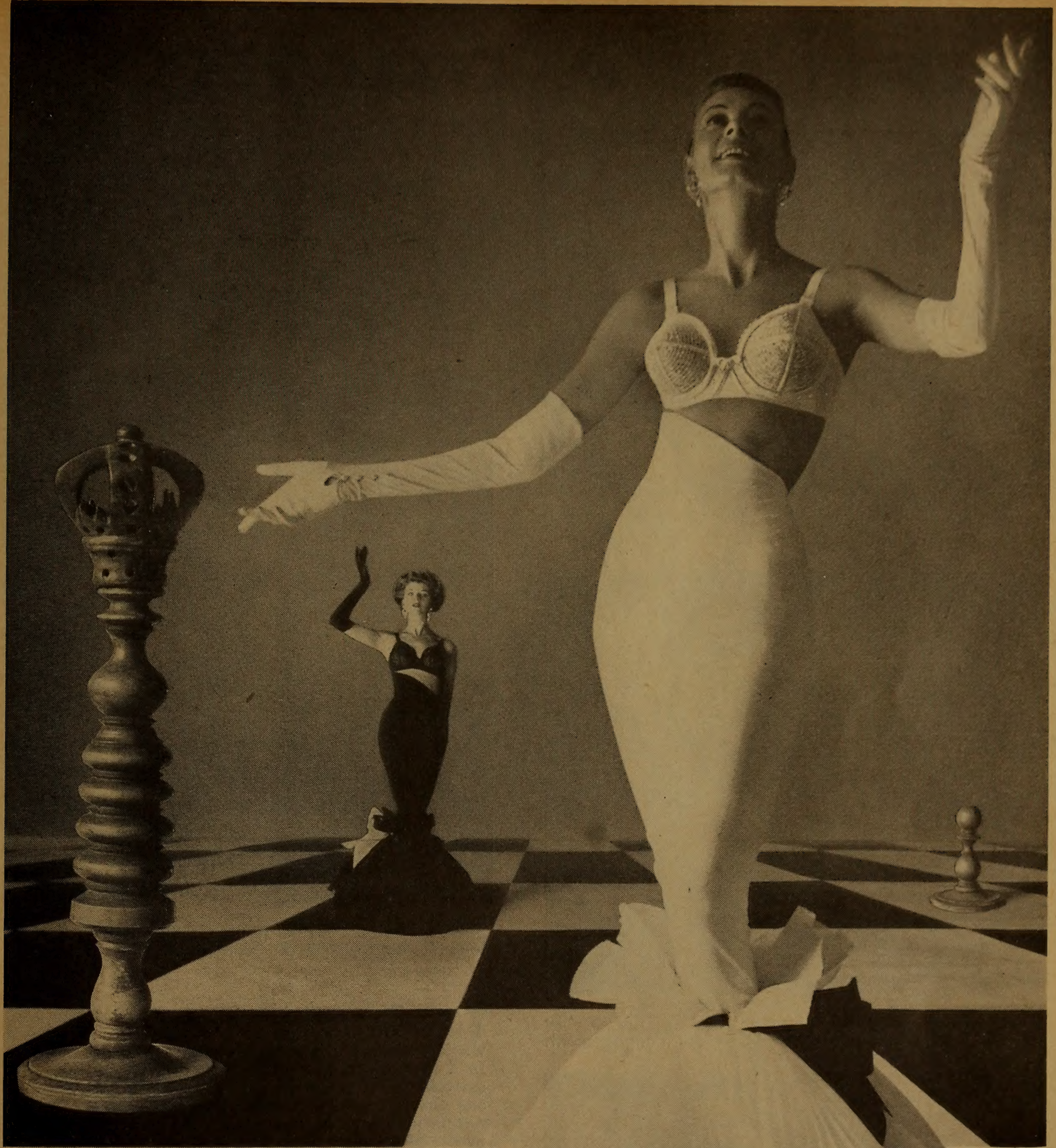
Alike? Yes. Different? Yes again. John A. has learned much from John B., but each Gambling is an individual.

LIKE FATHER, like son—except that in the Gambling radio dynasty, father is an early bird, son is a night owl. Between them, they've got birds of every feather flocking to their radios. . . . John B. Gambling has been on the air for thirty-two years of morning music, news, weather, conversation and, as oldtimers may remember, exercise. John A. Gambling made his world debut in New York, on February 5, 1930. His radio debut came four years later on his dad's show, when the younger Gambling recited "The Night Before Christmas" and sang "Away in a Manger." The Christmas visit became an annual event, then was supplemented by scattered appearances throughout the year. In 1953, the two Gamblings started appearing as a team on all the morning shows. Now that John A. is filling the nights with music on his own program, he's presented his father with two still younger Gamblings to take his place on those annual Christmas visits—his son John R., age six, and daughter Anne, age four and called "Missy." . . . As to following in a famous father's footsteps, John A. says: "The idea is not to try to fill the shoes of your father—in this case unfillable, I think—but to keep your own shoes as filled as possible." . . . John, ordinarily a very well-shod, personable and vocal young man, does this by keeping absolutely mum for a half-hour at a time. Music does his talking for him on *Music From Studio X*, heard Monday through Saturday from 9 P.M. to 1 A.M. on WOR and from 10 P.M. to 12:45 A.M. EST on the Mutual network. When John does speak, it's briefly, quietly and to the point. During his periods of silence, he keeps busy planning more of the same, "familiar" music, mostly instrumental and midway between the over-lush and the over-commercial. . . . As a boy, John toyed with the idea of becoming a policeman or a fireman or perhaps a doctor. Mostly though, he was fascinated by radio and he and his wife Sally—originally a blind date for a friend of John's—have placed radios in every room of their colonial house in Manhasset, Long Island. The rest of the furnishings were found on safaris to New England and Pennsylvania and refinished by John, whose hobby is finding new uses for old antiques. As on radio, "The key is good taste."



Looks like a telephone, but actually "Missy" is listening to a radio. The "busy signal" is, as usual, the menfolk, John R. and John A., waiting for the womenfolk, Missy and Sally.





I dreamed

I played chess in my maidenform bra

I'm the darling of the chess-set. Pawns, knights, even kings watch my every move. For whether I'm the White Queen or the Black, I rule the board in my Maidenform bra. The dream of a bra: new Concerto* Wunderwire, the bra with the deep, deep dress-up plunge. Wired beneath the cups in a wonderful "W"-shape that never pinches or presses, just caresses.

Purest white or blackest black in delicate nylon lace. A, B, C and D sizes...5.95. *REG. U. S. PAT. OFF. © MAIDEN FORM BRASSIERE CO., INC., N. Y. 16, N. Y.

LIFE IS A GAMBOL



Art gets an assist from girl Friday Dee Norman as he awards loot on the daily "Money Calling" portion of *Lamb Session*.

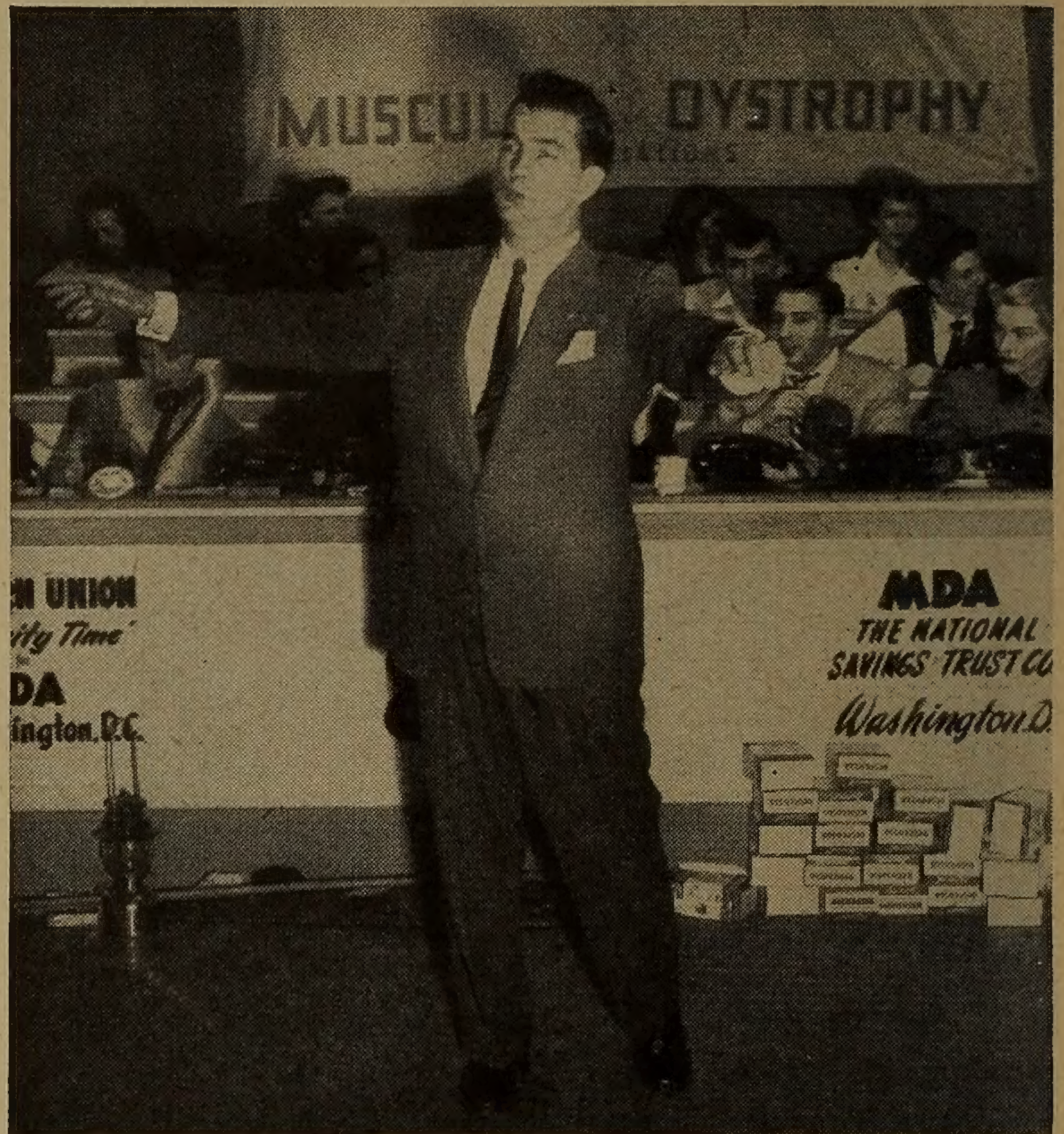


Comic Danny Kaye wasn't too impressed by Art's vocalizing but, like all Lamb guests, he'd like a return engagement.



At ease is the rule for guests, be they politicians, stars or just folks. And who could be more relaxed than Perry Como?

Washington's Art Lamb is
network material in
WTTG-TV and WGMS clothing



Good causes never have to ask Art twice. He's emceed four telethons such as this one for Muscular Dystrophy.

TO KEEP the wolf from his door, Art Lamb keeps very busy. Just how busy adds up to thirty air-hours a week, with Art as producer, writer, salesman and star. In one five-foot-eleven package, Art combines the smoothness of a Garroway, the wit of a Steve Allen, and the naturalness and ease of a Godfrey. Withal, Art is no man's carbon copy. It's just that his wit, pace and all-around showmanship have that network label. . . . On Washington's WTTG-TV, Art hosts *Ladies Be Seated Theater*, daily from 2 to 3:30 P.M. The film fare may not always be first-run, but Art's intermissions and commercials are entertaining enough so that nobody really cares. Afternoons at 5, Art presents *Lamb Session*, an informal variety hour of records, community-conscious activity and interviews. The show also features the latest news of Hollywood, radio, TV and the world-at-large, weather forecasts and men's fashions. And, on WGMS Radio, there is the *Art Lamb Show*, weekdays from 6:30 to 9 A.M. . . . Though this schedule means starting his day at 5 a.m., if Art had it all to do over again, he would. He'd begin by being born in Yonkers, New York. His first big career step would be a five-year stint in the Coast Guard. For it was then that the regular newscaster aboard ship was taken ill and Art pinch-hit. Encouragement from crew and officers started Art off on his merry way through Armed Forces Radio Service.



Art sings, too, as in this "Lullaby of Broadway" number. He's a one-man organization—producer, writer and star.

Back in civvies in 1945, Art joined WEAM in Arlington, Virginia. Next port of call was Washington's WINX and, in 1948, WTTG. . . . While in Arlington, Art reluctantly went out on a blind date. The girl, Rita Hubbarth, was an eyeful. Unfortunately, she lived in Detroit and their courtship consisted of three evenings out, two telephone calls and six letters. When a client told Art he had an apartment for him, Art invited Rita to share it as his wife. His sponsors never knew that, when Art asked for more samples, he was actually taking the food home. . . . Eventually, the Lambs prospered and began to raise their flock: Jay, now 7, Jill, 4, and Melodie Patrice, going on one. They are all comfortably ensconced in Fairfax, Virginia, in a home complete with swimming pool. . . . Then there are the women in Art's career. For indefinite lengths of time, Art has had many sidekicks or girls Friday on his show, including Pat Priest, Liz Overton and Sandra Chandler. Less decorative were Jocko the chimpanzee and Blondie the lioness. . . . Quick of wit, Art is always conscious of the fact that he is coming into people's homes. Still, his audience will never forget the day Denise Darcel was Art's guest. Denise took a deep breath and lo! the strap of her dress broke. As calmly as Dave Garroway might describe an atomic explosion, Art reached over, repaired the damage, and the show went on. On—and upwards—is Art's way.



Thankful for many things—including that blind date—Art cherishes such moments with wife Rita, young Jay and Jill.

information booth

Look, Ma, He's Dancing!

We would appreciate some information on our favorite TV dancer, talented George Vosburgh.

Mr. and Mrs. M.F.T., Brooklyn, N.Y.

For a young man of twenty-four, George Vosburgh has managed to achieve an unusually varied and successful career. Born in Albany, New York, August 1, 1932, he grew up in Chatham, dividing his time between sports and dramatics . . . and displaying considerable skill in both. He was co-captain of his high-school football team, and played on four All-Star teams, besides doing three seasons of semi-professional baseball. After graduating in 1950, he came to New York City . . . where success came quickly to him! George landed a job in "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes"; then had a featured dance spot in the revival of "Pal Joey." For the next three years he danced on Ed Sullivan's show, in addition to other TV programs. . . . Back on Broadway, George was featured in "Wish You Were Here" and "John Murray Anderson's Almanac." In September of 1954, he got what he considers one of his biggest breaks when he joined the Hit Parade Dancers. "Your Hit Parade is the kind of program every dancer wants to appear on," George explains. "You get a chance to do nearly all types of things . . . it's quite a challenge and a wonderful opportunity." He was a regular member of the *Hit Parade* cast for two seasons, and did two "Thanksgiving spectaculars" besides—playing the Nordic prince in last year's production. . . . George is a bachelor, lives in a Manhattan apartment and, in between rehearsals and shows, takes time off for his favorite hobbies—skiing in winter, skin diving and aqua-lung diving in the summer months. . . . He has recently been



Always on the move, George Vosburgh likes dancing, skiing, or diving.

working as an associate director on two new TV programs, *The Most Beautiful Girl In The World* and *Varsity, U.S.A.* He's quite interested in the production angle of show business. "I've also been busy with a new film process called 'Cinemiracle,'" George adds, "which should go into full production this fall." George has brown hair, brown eyes, stands five feet eleven inches, weighs in at 170 pounds. With his friendly smile, dancer's grace, and big fan following, this fellow bears watching . . . he looks like a winner!

Irish Charmer

I would like to know more about Bernadette O'Farrell who plays Maid Marian on the Robin Hood TV series.

D.M., Cottage Grove, Ore.

Maid Marian isn't exactly a new role for Bernadette O'Farrell. As a child in Birr, County Offaly, Ireland, she was frequently cast as Robin's true love in the neighborhood games of Sherwood Forest. . . . Bernadette was educated at the Convent of the Sacred Heart in Rocrea, Tipperary. She first wanted to be a dancer—even studied ballet diligently—then switched to secretarial work. Her first job was with a Dublin firm of lawyers . . . and while working there she chanced to meet a theatrical agent who had been a friend of Bernadette's mother, a former actress herself. The agent convinced Bernadette she should follow in the family footsteps. . . . Through Sir Carol Reed, she met producers Frank Launder and Sidney Gilliat, and played a small but important role in their film, "Captain Boycott." The J. Arthur Rank movie organization immediately made her an offer . . . which she turned down because she felt she needed more experience. After studying with the Liverpool Repertory Company and the Lowestoft group, she

felt prepared to accept professional parts. Her appearance on a television drama, "The Romantic Young Lady," made her an overnight sensation in Britain. Launder and Gilliat contacted her again, and offered her a contract . . . which in the case of Frank Launder became very long term, since she eventually became his wife. They have two small daughters, and live in an historic old house at Radnage Bottom Farm, once the site of Prince John's hunting lodge. Chestnut-haired, green-eyed, twenty-nine years old, this colleen is popular with cast and crew. She is often called on to help with the numerous animals used in the *Robin Hood* adventure series. Soothing savage beasts, acting, or playing her favorite part of wife and mother, Bernadette's Irish charm can be depended on to do the job.

Tee-ing Off

Lawrence Welk, an enthusiastic golfer as well as a fine musician, distributes copies of the following among his friends:

What Golf Has Taught Me—About Life: Golf is more than a Game. It is a Philosophy. Its basic rules not only make for a better score—they make for a better way of living.

1. Study the course. Heed the advice of those who have played there before you.

2. Keep your head down. Concentrate on what you are doing.

3. Hit straight and clean. The shortest distance from tee to green is a straight line.

4. Relax. Avoid pressure. Play each shot with confidence in your own ability.

5. Be courteous. Remember—the other fellow is trying to make a good score, too.

6. Avoid traps. They are always lying in wait for you.

7. The most important shot is the one you are about to make. Play the game one stroke at a time.

8. Enthusiasm for the game assures you maximum enjoyment—and a good score.

9. Be content with your "lie" and make the most of it. A griper is never welcome.

10. Observe the Rules of the Game.

Raconteur Rusty

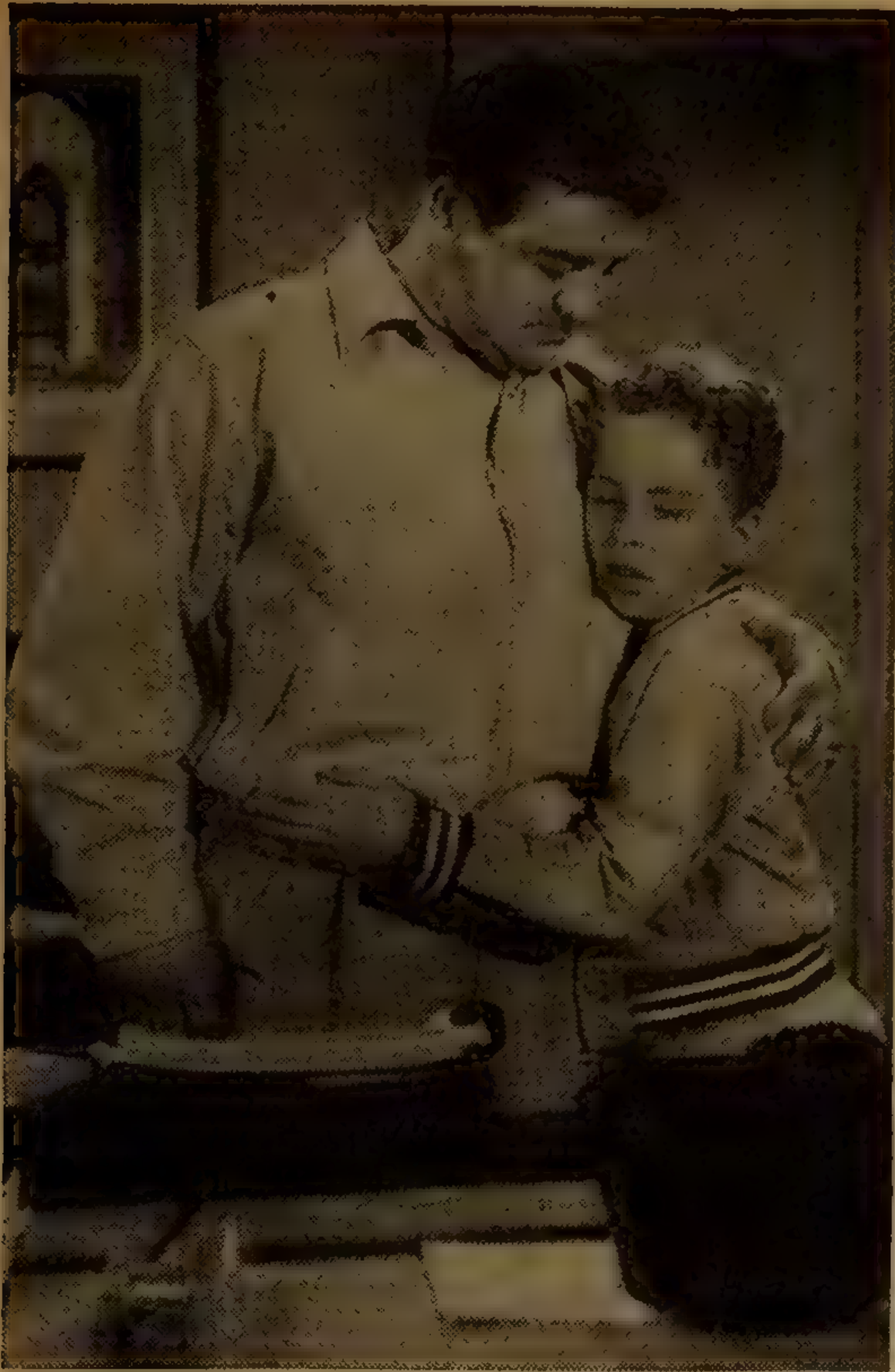
Could you please give me some information about Rusty Hamer, who plays the son, Rusty, on Make Room For Daddy.

M. M., Topeka, Kansas

After being "son" to Danny Thomas for three successful years on TV, young Mr. Hamer is branching out into movies. He will appear with Bud Abbott and Lou Costello in their new film, "Dance With Me, Henry," a Bob Goldstein production to be released through United Artists. . . . And Rusty certainly won't have any trouble learning or retaining his lines. Since the age of three, he's possessed an unusually large vocabulary and a fantastic ability to memorize. He became a popular



Irish heritage, English marriage, and fame in America for Bernadette.



New acting combination for a movie:
Lou Costello and TV's Rusty Hamer.

junior raconteur at the age of five, retelling stories for various community group programs. . . . Rusty was born February 15, 1947, in Tenafly, New Jersey, the son of Dorothy and the late Arthur W. Hamer, both amateur actors themselves. They never made an effort to promote their children, but their interest in the local little-theater, nevertheless, meant amateur, and eventually professional, theatrical work for their sons. . . . Now in the sixth grade, Rusty attends school on the set, makes top grades. He and his mother and brothers Walter, 17, and John, 11, live in Santa Monica. An accomplished reader, Rusty handles anything "cold" . . . his photographic mind enables him to memorize a complete script. It also helps the other members of the cast, who are often prompted by Rusty's cueing!

Calling All Fans

The following fan clubs invite new members. If you are interested, write to address given—not to TV RADIO MIRROR.

Carol Richards Fan Club, c/o Ruth Ann DeCosta, 130 M. St., South Boston, Mass.

Clint Walker Fan Club, c/o Barbara Arrow, 11813 Larimore Rd., St. Louis, Mo.

Robin Morgan Fan Club, c/o Thomas Jurka, Meadow Motel, Rt. 6, Clarksville, Tenn.

FOR YOUR INFORMATION—If there's something you want to know about radio and television, write to Information Booth, TV RADIO MIRROR, 205 East 42nd St., New York 17, N. Y. We'll answer, if we can, provided your question is of general interest. Answers will appear in this column—but be sure to attach this box to your letter, and specify whether your question concerns radio or TV.



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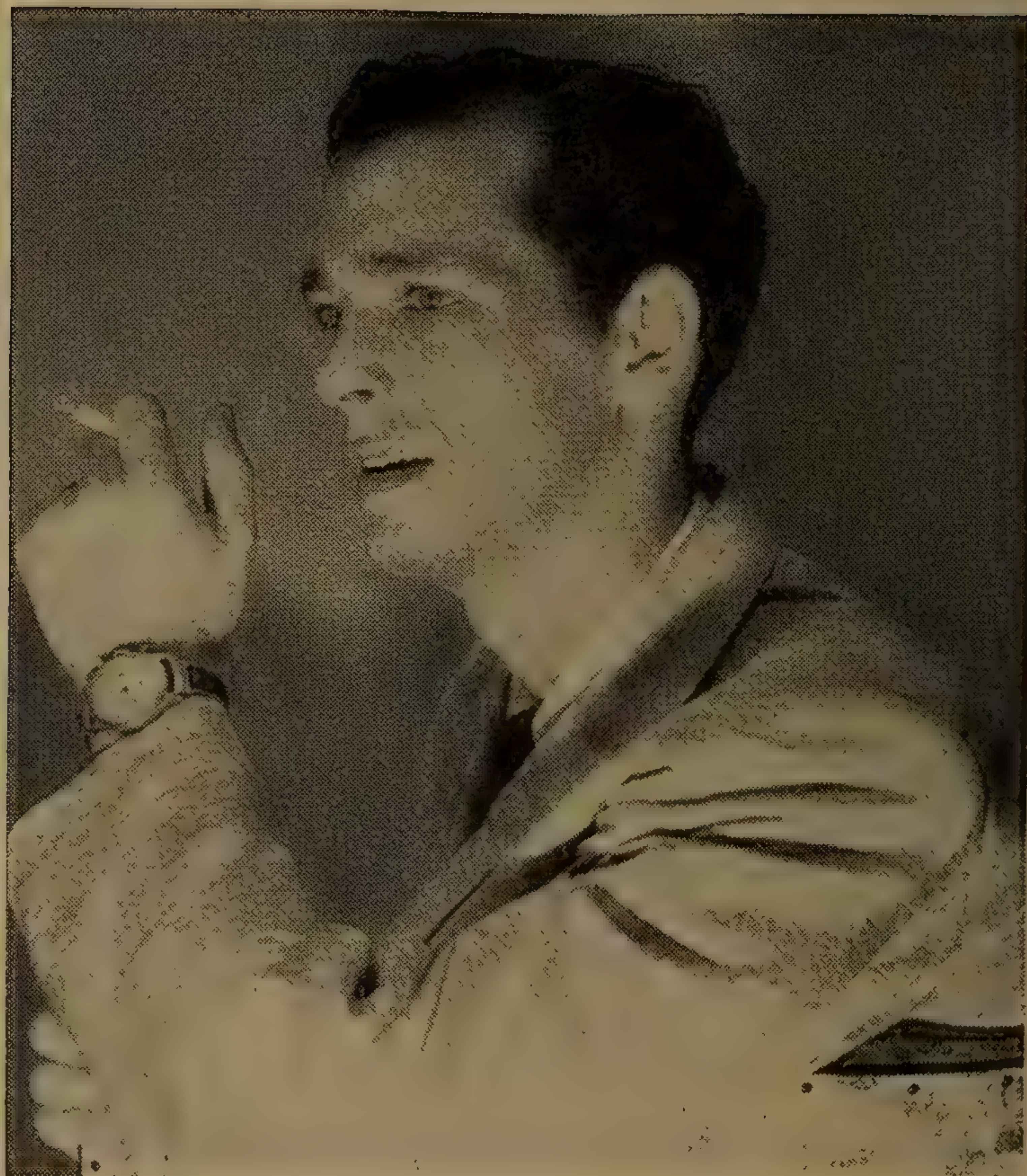
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the Loves of Pete

*Four loves has Albany's
Pete Dreyer—and two careers
as WROW's music man
and WCDA-WCDB's weather man*



There's a song in Pete's heart—for Gary Adam and Trudy, for radio and television. But, he admits, "I couldn't carry a tune if they put it on my back."



SOME MEN have trouble with triangles. As for Pete Dreyer, there are no less than four objects of his affections—and no trouble at all. . . . This lean and likeable guy has been flirting with radio since his kindergarten days on Long Island, when his voice failed to go through the usual changes. "Every time I whispered, my voice resounded around the room," Pete remembers, "and my fondest memory of my kindergarten teacher lingers in the words, 'Peter, shut up!'" The affair suffered a setback when Pete got his first job in Louisiana. "Get out of radio, Dreyer, you'll never make it," his boss said as he fired Pete. . . . Currently, though, it's blossoming on Station WROW in Albany, where Pete's the deejay on *Capitol Showcase*. Monday through Saturday from 3:30 to 6 P.M., Pete spins the newest in music, and his listeners select the hits of tomorrow, winning record albums if their ratings of the new tunes come closest to the ratings in the trade papers. Music is a sideline—or infatuation. In high school, Pete led his own small combo. "I was the living proof," he grins, "that you didn't need talent—just nerve." . . . A new love, television, is now co-existing with radio. Just this fall, Pete launched his first video show, *Weather Roundup*, seen weekdays at 7:10 P.M. on WCDA-WCDB. . . . Both these loves help to support a more romantic one that began at a neighborhood dance. Pete was trying to interest his best friend in a new girl. The friend finally danced with Trudy. "But the last waltz was mine," says Pete, who promptly two-stepped Trudy down the aisle. . . . Now, after a series of furnished apartments, they are living in Loudon Arms, a garden apartment outside Albany. Says Pete, "We really have a feeling of belonging when we sit on our own furniture. We call it our castle. It's really home." . . . And fourth, but not least, Pete loves his infant son, Gary Adam, in spite of—or because of—the fact that he's "a real, genuine ham and continually upstages me." Pete himself underplays the star role. "Every show has to be better than the last or I'm not satisfied. I thank the lucky stars for the breaks that have come my way. A pet phrase sums it up: For the grace of God and a deep voice . . ."

WHAT'S NEW

(Continued from page 5)



Thrice a pappy, Pat Boone has teenagers offering to baby-sit.

Odds are he'll never teach, for Pat's stardom seems assured. His latest Dot album, "Howdy," is getting rave reviews and deservedly. There's nothing tricky about his singing. His voice is sweet and natural, very reminiscent of early Crosby. And, besides recording and school, Pat plays club dates on weekends and continues to be one of Godfrey's favorites and appears regularly with Arthur.

Yes, Yes, Nanette: There's room and time enough on TV for Janet Blair and Nanette Fabray, and Nan has been sorely missed. November first, she returns to TV with Jack Benny on *Shower Of Stars*. On November 24th, she stars in the spec, "High Button Shoes." And what has she been doing since her last Caesar show? Early fall, she visited the family's alfalfa ranch in California, but most of the time she was negotiating new contracts and had to sit tight in Manhattan, where she lives in an apartment with her dachshund companion, Rover. There she caught up on housekeeping and finished decorating in a mixture of contemporary and California mission. Then she played hostess to a niece and nephew from out of town. Took them sightseeing throughout New York and Washington, D. C. But now she's back to work, and "High Button Shoes" promises to be the event of the new season. It is the same musical that made her. She plays the femme lead again—dancing, singing, whistling (the wildest whistle you've ever heard) and she's wonderful. Don't miss it.

Love At First Fight: William Russell, British star of *Adventures Of Sir Lancelot*, is married to fiery French actress Balbina. They met on a Mediterranean cruise. Balbina, a beauty queen, was a dream in an original Christian Dior. Bill asked her to jitterbug and they were so good the floor cleared for them. But he stepped on her Dior and the front panel tore out. She screamed and slapped his face. He grunted and slapped back. Says he, "We knew immediately that we were in love."

More Fashion: Open the closet and you find sequined gowns and such, but that's for professional use only. Usually, you find June Christy in slacks and shirt. In Capitol's "The Misty Miss Christy," you'll find her in songs meant for a full

(Continued on page 64)

NEW

Star Candid

ELVIS PRESLEY

TAB HUNTER

KIM NOVAK

NATALIE WOOD

We've added some brand new stars and brand new pictures. Check the list below for your favorites. All handsome 4 x 5 photos, on glossy stock, just right for framing. Send your order today.

CANDIDS

- | | | | |
|----------------------|-------------------------------|----------------------|--------------------|
| 1. Lana Turner | 103. Scott Brady | 187. Jeff Richards | 225. Elvis Presley |
| 2. Betty Grable | 105. Vic Damone | 190. Pat Crowley | 226. Victoria Shaw |
| 3. Ava Gardner | 106. Shelley Winters | 191. Robert Taylor | 227. Tony Perkins |
| 5. Alan Ladd | 107. Richard Todd | 192. Jean Simmons | 228. Clint Walker |
| 6. Tyrone Power | 109. Dean Martin | 194. Audrey Hepburn | 229. Pat Boone |
| 7. Gregory Peck | 110. Jerry Lewis | 198. Gale Storm | 230. Paul Newman |
| 9. Esther Williams | 112. Susan Hayward | 202. George Nader | 231. Don Murray |
| 11. Elizabeth Taylor | 117. Terry Moore | 205. Ann Sothorn | 232. Don Cherry |
| 14. Cornel Wilde | 121. Tony Curtis | 207. Eddie Fisher | 233. Pat Wayne |
| 15. Frank Sinatra | 124. Gail Davis | 209. Liberace | 234. Carroll Baker |
| 18. Rory Calhoun | 127. Piper Laurie | 211. Bob Francis | 235. Anita Ekberg |
| 19. Peter Lawford | 128. Debbie Reynolds | 212. Grace Kelly | 236. Corey Allen |
| 21. Bob Mitchum | 135. Jeff Chandler | 213. James Dean | 237. Dana Wynter |
| 22. Burt Lancaster | 136. Rock Hudson | 214. Sheree North | 238. Diana Dors |
| 23. Bing Crosby | 137. Stewart Granger | 215. Kim Novak | 239. Judy Busch |
| 25. Dale Evans | 139. Debra Paget | 216. Richard Davalos | 240. Patti Page |
| 27. June Allyson | 140. Dale Robertson | 217. Julie Adams | 241. Lawrence Welk |
| 33. Gene Autry | 141. Marilyn Monroe | 218. Eva Marie Saint | 242. Alice Lon |
| 34. Roy Rogers | 142. Leslie Caron | 219. Natalie Wood | 243. Larry Dean |
| 35. Sunset Carson | 143. Pier Angeli | 220. Dewey Martin | 244. Buddy Merrill |
| 50. Diana Lynn | 144. Mitzi Gaynor | 221. Joan Collins | 245. Hugh O'Brian |
| 51. Doris Day | 145. Marlon Brando | 222. Jayne Mansfield | 246. Jim Arness |
| 52. Montgomery Clift | 146. Aldo Ray | 223. Sal Mineo | 247. Sanford Clark |
| 53. Richard Widmark | 147. Tab Hunter | 224. Shirley Jones | |
| 56. Perry Como | 148. Robert Wagner | | |
| 57. Bill Holden | 149. Russ Tamblyn | | |
| 66. Gordon MacRae | 150. Jeff Hunter | | |
| 67. Ann Blyth | 152. Marge and Gower Champion | | |
| 68. Jeanne Crain | 153. Fernando Lamas | | |
| 69. Jane Russell | 161. Lori Nelson | | |
| 74. John Wayne | 174. Rita Gam | | |
| 75. Yvonne de Carlo | 175. Charlton Heston | | |
| 78. Audie Murphy | 176. Steve Cochran | | |
| 84. Janet Leigh | 177. Richard Burton | | |
| 86. Farley Granger | 179. Julius La Rosa | | |
| 91. John Derek | 180. Lucille Ball | | |
| 92. Guy Madison | 182. Jack Webb | | |
| 94. Mario Lanza | 185. Richard Egan | | |
| 97. Kirk Douglas | | | |

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TV RADIO MIRROR

goes to the movies

TV favorites on
your theater screen

By JANET GRAVES

Friendly Persuasion

ALLIED ARTISTS, DE LUXE COLOR

Even against such movie-wise competition as Gary Cooper and Dorothy McGuire, two young TV players hold their own here. Every fan of TV dramas will recognize Anthony Perkins, now Hollywood's hottest new actor. Equally familiar is the winsome face of Phyllis Love. Tony and Phyllis, along with little Richard Eyer, play the children of Gary and Dorothy, Indiana farm couple of Civil War days. These times try the religious convictions of the family, for they belong to the peace-loving Society of Friends (Quakers). Phyllis has a sweetheart in the Union Army; Tony must decide whether to take up arms as the other young men do. But most of the picture is filled with gentle humor, and there are snatches of music, including the title song, sung on the sound track by the fast-rising Pat Boone. It's a friendly movie indeed, with a quiet charm that is rare and refreshing.

The Opposite Sex

M-G-M; CINEMASCOPE, METROCOLOR

The ladies naturally have the edge in this bouncing, lavish musical version of "The Women." They range in type from housewife June Allyson to sensible career woman Ann Sheridan to man-eating show-girl Joan Collins. But a couple of males do get their innings. There's Jeff Richards, singing cowhand who devastates the about-to-be divorcees of Nevada. As June's husband, lured astray by Joan, there's Leslie Nielsen. A star on Canadian TV, Leslie also made his mark in New York, especially when he stepped in as substitute lead in a *Robert Montgomery Presents* show, to give an assured, line-perfect performance on barely twenty-four hours' notice.

Cha-Cha-Cha-Boom!

COLUMBIA

Favored for TV guest shots, a top seller on records, Perez Prado spreads Latin rhythms all over this amiable musical. Also heard from is the Mary Kaye Trio, while Sylvia Lewis and Dante De Paulo do sizzling dance numbers. Story? Promoter Steve Dunne wants to start his own record company, to defeat Alix Talton, his rival (and best girl). So he imports Prado from Cuba, and the beat gets going.

At Your Neighborhood Theaters

The Best Things in Life Are Free. (20th; CinemaScope, De Luxe Color); In breezy style, Gordon MacRae joins Ernest Borgnine and Dan Dailey to present the story of songwriters De Sylva, Brown and Henderson. Pert in 1920's costumes, Sheree North co-stars.

Tea and Sympathy (M-G-M; CinemaScope, Metrocolor); Adult treatment of a delicate subject. Often starred in drama on TV, John Kerr's excellent as a college student whose masculinity is questioned. Deborah Kerr gives him mature sympathy, as an instructor's tender-hearted wife.

Attack! (U.A.): Strong fare for grownups. A striking World War II film contrasts furious courage (Jack Palance's) with abject cowardice (Eddie Albert's). There's equally fine supporting work by Buddy Ebsen (Crockett's pal) and newcomer William Smithers, also with TV training.

The Bad Seed (Warners): This one's not for the kiddies, either, though it's about a child. Pretty little Patty McCormack is the brat capable of murder; Nancy Kelly, her distraught mother; Evelyn Varden, their fluttery landlady.

movies on TV

Showing this month

For your convenience in selecting your favorite movies from those shown on the TV screen in November, we give you these capsule reviews. This will be a continuing feature in TV RADIO MIRROR.

ACT OF LOVE (U.A.): Wistful romance of World War II. Lonely GI Kirk Douglas has an affair with Dany Robin, homeless French girl, and the adventure turns serious. Robert Strauss is Kirk's buddy.

BILL OF DIVORCEMENT (RKO): Memorable acting by Katharine Hepburn and the late John Barrymore. As his daughter, she finds her happiness threatened by his fight with mental illness. Generally seen as a comedienne, Billie Burke has a dramatic role as Katie's mother.

BLACK SWAN, THE (20th): Lusty yarn of buccaneering on the Spanish Main. Ty Power, aide to Sir Henry Morgan (the late Laird Cregar), sees nobly-born Maureen O'Hara as the loveliest of loot.

BREAKING THE SOUND BARRIER (U.A.): Vigorous British salute to pioneer jet flyers. Ralph Richardson heads the company; Nigel Patrick is a test pilot; Ann Todd's the girl.

CANYON CROSSROADS (U.A.): Doing a lively switch on the Western, Richard Basehart hunts uranium instead of gold, romances Phyllis Kirk, battles a claim-jumper who rides a 'copter.

CASANOVA BROWN (RKO): In a sentimental comedy, shy prof Gary Cooper becomes a father and kidnaps his baby as he's about to wed Anita Louise. Teresa Wright plays the baby's mother.

CENTENNIAL SUMMER (20th): Charming musical, set in Philadelphia of 1876. As sisters, Jeanne Crain and Linda Darnell compete for the love of Cornel Wilde, a visiting Frenchman.

CRASH OF SILENCE (Rank, U-I): Touching, heartening story of a child born deaf. Parents Phyllis Calvert and Terence Morgan quarrel over how to treat Mandy Miller; Jack Hawkins is her teacher.

DARK COMMAND, THE (Republic): Big Western. Marshal John Wayne clashes with Walter Pidgeon for mastery of a frontier town and for Claire Trevor's love. Roy Rogers is Claire's kid brother.

DARK MIRROR, THE (U-I): In an interesting psychological drama, Olivia de Havilland plays twins—a gentle girl, a killer. Psychiatrist Lew Ayres and detective Thomas Mitchell solve the case.

FARMER'S DAUGHTER, THE (RKO): Pleasant political comedy casts charming Loretta Young as a Midwestern maid-servant who runs for Congress, romances Joseph Cotten. With Ethel Barrymore.

HOTEL SAHARA (U.A.): Wacky comedy, set in North Africa during World War II. Peter Ustinov tries to protect his hotel and his sweetheart (Yvonne DeCarlo) as one army after another moves in on him.

JACKIE ROBINSON STORY, THE (Eagle Lion): Jackie composedly plays himself in the saga of big-league baseball's first Negro star. Ruby Dee plays his wife; Minor Watson, the Dodgers' Rickey.

KISS OF DEATH (20th): Tough, top-flight thriller, famous for Richard Widmark's debut role, a giggling gunman. As a convict, Vic Mature turns stool pigeon for the sake of wife Coleen Gray.

LADY FROM SHANGHAI (Columbia): Distinctive melodrama with the Orson Welles touch. Lured by Rita Hayworth, sailor Welles joins the crew of the yacht owned by her husband (Everett Sloane).

LETTER FROM AN UNKNOWN WOMAN (U-I): Graceful, tearful romance of old Vienna. From her teens to womanhood, Joan Fontaine worships composer Louis Jourdan, even bears him a child—but he keeps forgetting her until it's too late.

LIFEBOAT (20th): Tensely, Alfred Hitchcock close-ups survivors of a wartime shipwreck, including a career woman (Tallulah Bankhead), a sailor (the late John Hodiak), a Nazi (Walter Slezak).

LOCKET, THE (RKO): Complex case history of a girl turned into a kleptomaniac by a childhood incident. Laraine Day wrecks the lives of psychiatrist Brian Aherne and artist Bob Mitchum.

OUTPOST IN MALAYA (Rank, U.A.): Out of unhappy headlines comes a taut suspense story. The marriage of Claudette Colbert and British planter Jack Hawkins is near breaking when bandits strike.

OVERLANDERS, THE (Rank, U-I): Exhilarating Australian equivalent of an American Western epic. Huge, personable Chips Rafferty leads a cattle drive to save stock from looming Jap invasion.

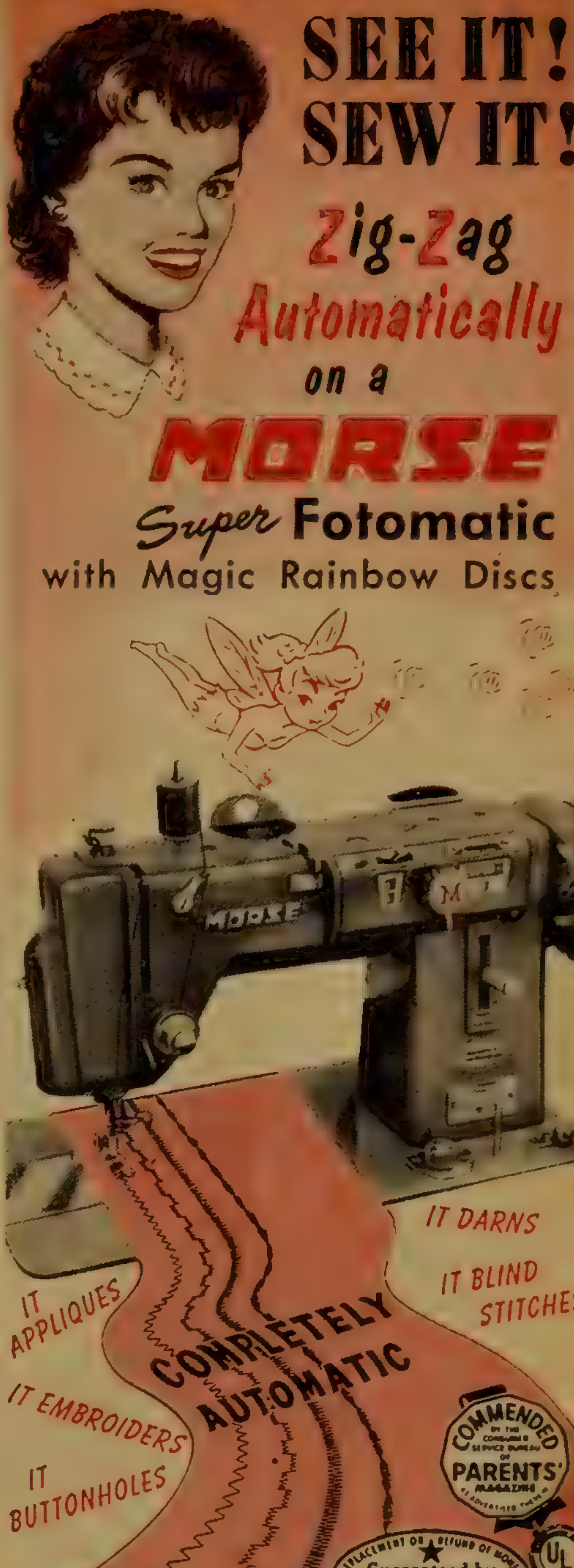
PORTRAIT OF JENNIE (Selznick): In a delicate fantasy, painter Joseph Cotten falls in love with Jennifer Jones, slowly realizing she's a ghost. Ethel Barrymore's a kindly art dealer.

SHOOT FIRST (U.A.): Neat spy story. Stationed in England with wife Evelyn Keyes, U. S. officer Joel McCrea believes he's killed a man while hunting. An atom-secrets mystery snares him.

SINCE YOU WENT AWAY (U.A.): Loving tribute to home-front heroism. With daughters Jennifer Jones and Shirley Temple, Claudette Colbert keeps her household going while Dad's in the Navy.

THIEF, THE (U.A.): No, the sound on your set hasn't gone wrong. This gripping chase story was shot without a word of dialogue. Scientist Ray Milland steals atom secrets, and the law tracks him.

WELL, THE (U.A.): Timely drama shows racial tension in a small town. A Negro child (Gwendolyn Laster) is trapped in a well, and differences are forgotten as the community unites for rescue.



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Say Honest, PHIL



*No interviews, just music on WMGM—
so here's where I turn the turntables
and interview deejay Phil Goulding*

By JO-ANN CAMPBELL

MY NAME is Jo-Ann Campbell, but sometimes I'm called the "Wherever You Go" girl, because that's the name of my biggest hit so far on the Point label. Well, wherever I go, I meet the local disc jockeys—and a nicer group of people you couldn't meet. One of the very nicest is Phil Goulding, who's heard on New York's Station WMGM with *Music With A Beat*—the kind I like to sing—every weekday from 4 to 5 P.M. and Saturdays from 10 to noon. Disc jockeys often interview recording stars on their programs. Phil doesn't, because WMGM vetoes interviews in favor of more music for their listeners. So I decided to turn the turntables and interview Phil instead. . . . At first, I didn't know how to start. Then I remembered what we used to say down South when we wanted someone to talk frankly and truthfully. "Say honest, Phil," I told him—and Phil did just that. . . . Phil's a Yankee, born in Clinton and raised in Lowell, Massachusetts. He's always wanted to be on radio. "I couldn't sing or dance or act," he says, "so I decided to become an announcer." Then the local radio station, WLLH, staged a contest for announcers, with the winner to get a suit of clothes. Phil didn't win the contest—or the suit—but they hired him, anyway. The next year, his



It was a switch—a singer interviewing a deejay. But Phil's so easygoing and friendly.



I'm a rebel. Phil and wife Thelma are both Yankees from Lowell—where Phil lost a contest, won a job.

younger brother, Ray Goulding, entered the same contest. He didn't win the suit of clothes either, but he, too, got a job. He's now Ray of "Bob and Ray" and Bert Piel of those wonderful beer commercials. After he left Lowell, Phil went to WEEI in Boston and then to the CBS station in New York. He joined WMGM—it was WHN then—in 1944. They're remodeling the station's building now and Phil says, "I've been here so long I go with the cornerstone." . . . Phil is five-feet-ten, has brown hair and very gentle brown eyes. He's fascinated by politics and photography. In his opinion, Colorado is the most beautiful state in the Union, and his wife Thelma, a former Lowell radio actress, the most beautiful girl. They've been married for fourteen years and live in an apartment in Forest Hills, Long Island, where, Phil told me, "I don't even have a record player." . . . But Phil loves music and he's a staunch defender of rock 'n' roll. "It has a real primitive two-beat and it's easy to dance to," he says. Phil says the kids like it, and he should know. He plays the top records as determined by the WMGM survey. "The funny thing," says Phil, "is that teenagers who liked it a couple of years ago and who are now, say, in Princeton or other colleges, still like it."

This Christmas buy cartons of Luckies



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New complexion beauty in just one minute? Yes, fair lady, yes! Because Palmolive care removes beauty-robbing hidden dirt that casual cleansing misses. And only a soap as mild as Palmolive can cleanse so deeply without irritation. Start Palmolive care today, and see your true complexion beauty come through!



During convalescence, Ed marveled at the kindness and good will of "strangers."

the Great Big "IF"

**When you live through an accident
like Ed Sullivan's . . . and
your mind goes forward—and back—
to what might have happened . . .**

By MARTIN COHEN

IT WAS Monday morning, and banner headlines shocked the nation with the first report of Ed Sullivan's accident. He had been driving to his farm when another car swerved into his lane. In the head-on collision both cars were smashed, crumpled like old paper cups. Miraculously, no one was killed. Many newspapers reported Ed had been "injured slightly," and this may be the understatement of the year. They reported he had had a comfortable night, but the doctors had said "satisfactory"—which means something altogether different. They reported he would be back on the show the following Sunday—but it was six weeks before

See Next Page →



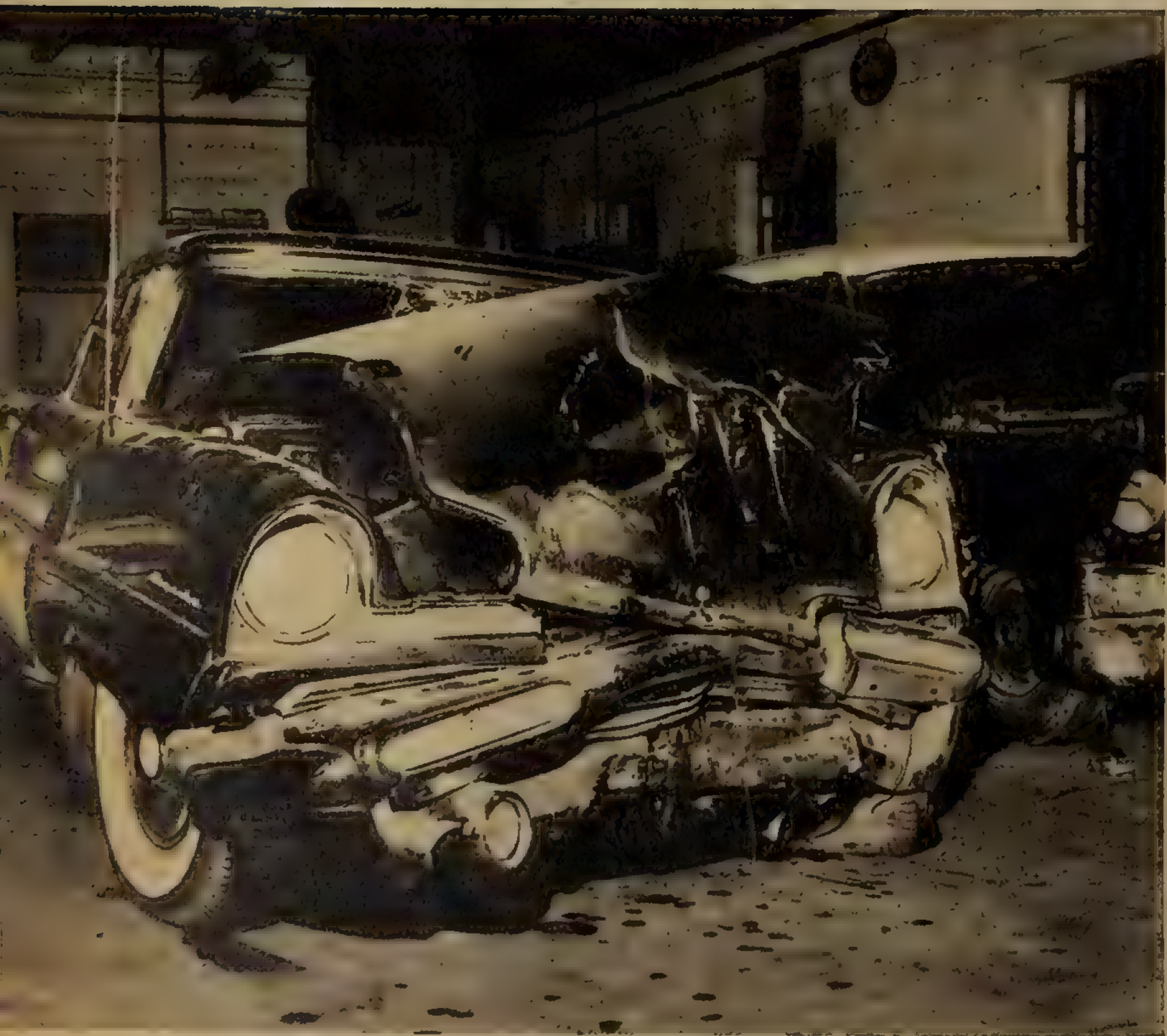
First photo of Ed Sullivan in the hospital, after the accident, with his wife Sylvia—who says he was always most concerned about what had happened to the others.



With daughter Betty, Ed visits the bedside of son-in-law Bob Precht. Betty and her mother had thought, from first reports, that Ed was the only one who was injured.

the Great Big "IF"

(Continued)



Twisted wreckage bears mute but terrible witness to the violence of that night's head-on collision, which brought four people so near to the very brink of death.

he returned. They listed one fractured rib—but he had broken eight, fractured his breastbone, bruised his lung, and was constantly threatened with pneumonia. Actually, Ed had suffered the first great physical shock of his life.

"When you're on your back in a hospital, your mind runs in funny channels," says Ed. "Well, I've traveled a lot. Over the world. By car, train, plane. How many hundreds of thousands of miles, I don't know. But I've never had an accident like this. I was fifty-five on September 28, and lucky to make it. But in bed I lay figuring, and I thought: Here it took me fifty-four years, ten months and nine days to arrive at an obscure spot on a Connecticut road at 1:25 A.M. where this was waiting for me! What I mean is this: I wasn't asking for it. I preach safe driving, and I practice what I preach. That (Continued on page 61)

Sullivan had never thought he'd miss a TV performance. But the show went on, in the best tradition, with Marlo Lewis, co-producer, putting Presley through his paces.



The Ed Sullivan Show is seen over CBS-TV, each Sunday night, from 8 to 9 P.M. EST, sponsored by Mercury-Lincoln Dealers.



However, Ed kept a close eye on his program, as usual, monitoring films of Elvis in action—and giving cogent answers to those who criticized him for booking Presley.

Recuperating at his farm, with Sylvia near by, Ed takes a new look at life. He sees his show from a different angle, knows more than ever what his family means to him.





Producer Albert McCleery and John find work on *Matinee Theater* fun.



More fun, home style: John with Ruth, their pool—and banana tree.

All of a sudden Love

By PAULINE TOWNSEND

MILLIONS of American housewives know John Conte, emcee and star of television's most popular daytime show, *NBC Matinee Theater*, as telecast five days weekly from Hollywood. And they know his pretty wife, Ruth, who also appears on the program from time to time. . . . But they probably would be surprised to know that, only two years ago, John was a confirmed bachelor, a refugee from Hollywood and television, carving out a whole new career for himself as a singer and actor in Broadway musical comedies.

John himself is a little bit dazed at the changes in his life which two short years—and love—have wrought. . . . It all began on a warm Sunday morning in August, in 1954. John, snoozing (Continued on page 81)

NBC Matinee Theater, NBC-TV, M-F, 3 to 4 P.M. EST, is seen in color and black-and-white.



could hardly be more romantic than the actual marriage of John Conte, host and star



Wife Ruth did a beautiful job furnishing the new Conte home. Reward: Breakfast in bed on Sundays!



Art objects and harlequin wallpaper in their dining room are striking examples of Ruth's decorating skill.



They worked closely with the house-painters. Friends helped, too—lured on by Ruth's wonderful suppers.



Once a confirmed bachelor, John now finds himself enjoying married life to the full—just as predicted!



Back Home

By
JUDITH FIELD

BY THIS TIME, New York knows Betty Oakes quite well. As actress and person, she's known and loved by all the cast of *Valiant Lady*, over CBS-TV. To them, she's not only Betty Oakes but Roberta Wilcox, soon to become the bride of Mickey Emerson and daughter-in-law of Helen Emerson—*Valiant Lady* herself. Ask Flora Campbell (Helen) or ask Jimmy Kirkwood (Mickey) or Malcolm Beggs (Louis Wilcox, Roberta's father). They'll tell you Betty Oakes is very much like Roberta: Attractive and sympathetic, with an appealing, forthright personality.

But to understand a person, you should really have "known them when" . . . as the folks in Indianapolis remember Betty (Betty June, she was then) when she was growing up in the Hoosier state. Of course—thanks to TV—they all recognize her as Roberta Wilcox today. But it wouldn't be human nature, if they hadn't wondered just how much of what they saw was still true . . . how much their Betty June might have changed in the not-so-many years since she left home to seek fame in New York.

They got their chance to find out, late last summer, when Betty came home to star at the Hilton U. Brown

The Circle—and Soldiers and Sailors Monument: Betty with her grandmother, Mrs. A. C. Cain, and mother, Mrs. L. F. (Jack) Armstrong. But Betty was in Indianapolis to work, too—as star at the Hilton U. Brown Theatre. Below, with director Jack Hatfield, who had also directed her before, in her teens.

Continued →



Again in Indiana

*On Valiant Lady, she is Roberta Wilcox,
Mickey's bride-to-be . . . but, to loyal Hoosiers,
Betty Oakes will always be their own "Betty June"*



Indianapolis' Betty June—at 15.



Bicycling with her poodle "TuTu" was like old times. Newer to her album of memories was her mother's home on Patton Lake, where Betty relaxed with family pets.



Boating around Patton Lake with her mother was a sunny treat—and so, as it turned out, was listening to the fine newspaper reviews of Betty's Theatron performances!



Back Home Again in Indiana

(Continued)



First beau Tommy Wadelton took all these home-town pictures of Betty—and her color portrait on our cover.



Reunion at Shortridge High School with her teachers, Mrs. Nell Merrick Thomas and Mrs. Howard Clippinger.



Stop at the well-remembered TeePee: Betty and pal Rosemary Walker Lynch, carhop Sandra Kay Wildman.



Betty and vocal coach Robert M. Lewis (above) had a quiet wedding—not like the formal one she expects on *Valiant Lady*! The actress showed Indianapolis she could still sing, at the Theatron this year (l. to r.—Jack Hatfield, musical director John Sacco, Betty, and Wilton Clary).

Theatron in the musicals, "Guys and Dolls" and "Where's Charley?" That was the way Indianapolis remembered Betty best—as a singer. Now she was even better known as an actress. Other changes might be expected, too . . . and there was always the chance that Betty-Roberta had forgotten Betty June's old friends by this time. But she hadn't.

"It's absolutely amazing how she can remember all of us," says Mrs. Rosemary Walker Lynch, a close friend through both grade school and high school. "The minute she spied me backstage that night, she

was just overwhelmed that I should 'take the trouble' of coming to see her. Immediately, she started asking all about my family. In fact, she even refused an invitation to a party that night, so we could go to an old high-school hangout of ours and reminisce over bygone days."

Indianapolis remembers Betty because of her talent and sparkling personality, of course, but remembers her best as the ideal girl-next-door, as full of friendliness and bounce as a healthy puppy. Says Mrs. Della Solomon, who lived next door to the Oakes family for many





Tennis at Riviera Club with Wilton Clary, her co-star at the Theatron—and also a graduate of Shortridge.



Betty Oakes re-lives two important phases of her Indianapolis life: Above, singing again with the choir conducted by Clarence Elbert at Trinity Lutheran Church. Below, back in the swim at the Riviera Club, chatting with lifeguard Tom McCaw, Rebecca Docherty, of the club staff, and James Makin, president.

years, "You know, when Betty June saw Mr. Solomon and myself in a restaurant, after one of her recent performances, she rushed up and threw her arms around me." Mrs. Solomon had been one of the first to predict that Betty would be a great success. So had Miss Rebecca Docherty, who has served at the Riviera Club since its opening and who still fondly recalls Betty's many visits there.

"That sprightly miss was the life of the party," says Miss Docherty. "She always was a hit with the boys, especially after previewing a new number of hers while sitting around the pool." One of the first things Betty did, after arriving in Indianapolis last summer, was to rush over to the club and plant a kiss on Miss Docherty's cheek. "It couldn't be an act," says Mrs. Jeanny Truleck Bowers, another high-school chum of Betty's. "If it is, Betty has been performing it twenty-four hours a day since childhood!"

For Betty herself, this homecoming was a sentimental journey indeed. But, more than that, it was a voyage of discovery . . . of learning just who "Betty June" was, what she had been—and would be. For, of course, there had been changes. For some years now she had been Mrs. (Continued on page 78)

Betty Oakes is Roberta Wilcox in *Valiant Lady*, seen on CBS-TV, M-F, 12 noon EST, as sponsored by General Mills, The Toni Company, Wesson Oil, and Tenderleaf Tea.



the Girl who got to PRESLEY



Unlike many parents, Mrs. Juanico likes Elvis's records as a performer, has met and approved of him as a person.



With mother's consent, June Juanico accompanied Elvis on a long tour, will always treasure memories like this.



Thousands of love letters to Elvis . . . but only one was answered in a way that could never happen again

By PHILIP CHAPMAN

IN EVERY TOWN in the country where Elvis Presley has appeared, the hysterical hordes of teen-aged girls have mobbed him. They've torn off his jacket, slit his shirt. They have bombarded him with letters pleading for a lock of hair. They have sworn undying love. One over-enthusiastic Long Island girl—bucking opposition from her parents to her remote— (Continued on page 84)

Elvis himself has since gone on to Hollywood—where he's been dating Debra Paget, his co-star in the Civil War film, "Love Me Tender."



Cornered backstage in Miami and asked by a reporter "what she could see in Elvis," June answered simply: "If you were of the opposite sex, you'd know."





He loves being on TV in *Alfred Hitchcock Presents*, and absolutely revels in directing movies on location—in Africa, say, as with Doris Day and Jimmy Stewart in the Paramount film, "The Man Who Knew Too Much."



Terry and Mary certainly aren't "scared" when their grandparents come to visit me and my husband, Joseph O'Connell, in San Fernando Valley. Below, Terry, Daddy—and Daddy's Sealyham!—discover the cat next door.



Reading scripts—even at my house—is just his cup of tea.



What is he reading to his grandchildren? "Alice in Ghouland."



Cooking is one of his few "active sports," and he's very good at it.





Doctor and actress are also good gardeners—rooftop terrace variety.



Hi-fi set is her pride and joy—particularly because of its donor.



Grand piano was another gift from "Vinnie," that thoughtful husband.

"A LIVING DOLL"

*That's the logical disguise for
Betsy Palmer on Masquerade Party—
but everyone would guess it!*

By GREGORY MERWIN

BLOND Betsy Palmer, actress and panelist on *Masquerade Party*, is as beautiful as she looks on TV—and has a disposition to match. "I enjoy life tremendously," she says, "so why should I do anything to make myself—or anyone else—unhappy?" As a Girl Scout, she was happy. As a stenographer, she was happy. As an actress—an art whose practice often makes people sensitive to humidity and humanity—she is still happy. She says blandly, "I think maybe I'm just a good-natured idiot." But evidence refutes the "idiot" theory. Keith Taylor, associate producer of *Masquerade Party*, says, "We chose Betsy for the panel because she's vivacious, intelligent and witty." Broadway, movie and TV critics have described her as a sensitive, skilled actress. In private life—although only (Continued on page 79)



On TV, Betsy's a sparkling panelist, along with Bobby Sherwood, *Masquerade Party* host Peter Donald, and fellow "guess" artists Ogden Nash and Ilka Chase.

Masquerade Party is seen over ABC-TV, Saturdays at 10 P.M. EST, as sponsored by Lenthieric (makers of Tweed) and the Emerson Drug Company (makers of Bromo-Seltzer).

At home, she's Mrs. Vincent Merendino, housewife—who adjusts time-tables to a doctor's emergency calls.







Kitchen is Ann's domain, but Bill takes over for spaghetti and souffles. She rates him expert as a chef—but "as cleaner-upper he doesn't quite pass!"



Bill's an avid shutterbug, with Ann, a former model, his favorite subject. Bill has all the cameras he can use, wants his own darkroom—but not for Christmas!

Bill is a panelist on Garry Moore's *I've Got A Secret*, on CBS-TV, Wed., 9:30 P.M. EST, sponsored by R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co. for Winston Cigarettes. He also stars on *Pulse*, M-F, 6 to 10 A.M., and on *Best Of Pulse*, Sat., 6:30 to 8 A.M. EST, on WRCA Radio (N.Y.) for multiple sponsors.

Bill Cullen:

Wrap up a happy marriage in golden paper, decorate it with silver stars, bedeck it with lovely ribbons—and send to someone other than Bill Cullen. He already has one!

By GLADYS HALL

THIS YEAR, 1956, Bill Cullen is a supremely happy man. He greets Thanksgiving with lots to be glad about. But when it comes to the question of what he wants for Christmas, he's frankly stumped. Because there's nothing that can be put in a sock, hung on a tree or tied with tinselly ribbon to ask for; everything that doesn't come in packages is already his: Ann . . . a beautiful new apartment overlooking New York's East River . . . his own local New York show, *Pulse*, on WRCA Radio six mornings a week . . . and, on Wednesday nights at 9:30, CBS-TV's *I've Got A Secret*, on which he has long been a regular member of Garry Moore's panel of four . . . friends, literally hundreds of them, for to Bill friends and fans are synonymous. All adding up to a warm, wonderful feeling of gratitude, of well-being, of peace on his particular piece of earth.

"On December 24th, Christmas Eve," Bill said, "Ann and I celebrate our first anniversary and it will be, speaking for myself, the celebration of a completely fulfilled and happy year.

"I feel genuinely happy. I really feel secure," Bill said, in a surprised-at-himself tone of voice. "I have, in fact, such a sense of security that, for the first time in my adult life, I'm hoping and planning (Ann and I both are) to have children. I say children, plural, because I was an only child and the answer to that lonely one-child deal is—two children! At least."

Although Bill did not directly name Ann as the source of his obvious happiness and sense of security, he didn't need to. From everything he said, the way he said it and the way he looked when he said it, you knew that the source is Ann.

"Ann and I met," Bill said, "during the time I was commuting between New York and the Coast. One day a week I flew to Hollywood, where I emceed *Place The Face*, first on CBS-TV, then on NBC-TV. The other six days I plied my trade in New York. Ann is the sister-in-law of Jack Narz, who was our announcer on *Place The Face*. One night Jack asked me over to his place, a sort of last-minute thought on his part, for a steak dinner. Though tempted, I hesitated. My plane took off early next

Continued ➔

The Man Who Has Everything



Bill Cullen: The Man Who Has Everything

(Continued)



The Cullens share work, fun, and Bill's 4 A.M. breakfast hour. This unusual clock was their first purchase for the new home which they tastefully decorated together.



No second best for Ann and Bill! From the green tropical plants in the living room to the fine mahogany bedroom furnishings, the apartment is "what they really wanted."

morning. A crowded day ahead of me when I reached New York. Suppose, I've often thought since, *I hadn't gone?* What if I'd said 'No, thank you, instead of 'Yes, thank you.' Terrifying, the lifetime difference a yes or a no, a turn to the right or to the left, can make. But I made the right turn. I did go. And Ann was there. Love at first sight? Yeah," Bill grinned his bright grin, "I guess that would be legitimate! She has brown eyes, big ones, dark hair, sort of olive coloring, the brunette type. She's tall, well-formed, goodly endowed by Nature—which, as a high-fashion model, she was obliged to be. What actually attracted me at first, however, was something less superficial than meets the eye. She struck me as being very sensible. Not flighty. I'm odd that way. I like sensible young women—especially, of course (let's not kid ourselves), those with the plus of being goodly endowed by Nature. She was quiet and reserved and intelligent and, the most important quality in any human being, *friendly*. I had, and at once, the feeling I could tell her things. I was right. I did tell her things of the kind you do not usually confide to anyone at a first meeting. I still tell her things, tell her everything, no secrets between us. We are friends, good friends, and it is our friendship that is the solid earth, so to speak, under the feet of our relationship."

"What first attracted me to Bill," Ann says, "was that I found him to be terribly interested in a number of things—none of them involving the use of the pronouns 'I' and 'me.' I was the one, in fact, that brought him," Ann laughed, "to him. To speaking, that is, even briefly of himself."

"Come time to leave after dinner that first evening," Bill smiled, "and Ann's car opportunely broke down and I drove her home. She asked me in for coffee—and it *was* coffee. I liked that, too.

"When we said goodnight, I told her I'd call her the next time—which would be the next week—I was on the Coast. And so I did, upon arrival, and every week thereafter. During the six days a week I spent in New York, I put *in* a lot of time and *out* a lot of money (well-spent) calling the Coast! The first three times we went out, it was in family groups, with Jack Narz,





Spectacular view of the East River prompted the Cullen hobby of "boat watching." Below: Outdoor barbecue on the terrace, with historical Gracie Mansion in the background.

with Ann's father, Heinz Roemheld, who is a composer and a musical director for motion pictures. Parties in the homes of friends, too, during which we'd manage a few minutes alone by wandering onto a patio, taking a brief walk or a run over to the Polo Lounge of The Beverly Hills Hotel.

"Our first real date, just the two of us, we went to The Albatross near Malibu Beach, for dinner. Nice romantic place. Sea and wind and stars, music playing and all. This was in June of '55. On December 24, we were married. I rather favored getting married on Christmas Eve—figured I'd get by," Mr. Cullen put on his pixie face, "with one present that way! I did, too. Got her a mink stole for a combination wedding and Christmas gift. Midriff next. Probably this year. Couple of Christmas and wedding anniversaries later, she'll have what is known in the trade as a 'full-fashioned' garment!"

Bill was, of course, having his bit of fun. Admittedly extravagant, he and Ann put in "a lot of time and work, and," Bill said, squaring his broad shoulders, "an infinite amount of money" on their apartment, which overlooks the East River and (Continued on page 82)





Her hair is redder than red, her eyes are bluer than blue, her talent is greater than great, and besides she's my very best friend—Jeannie Carson

Jeannie

WITH THE BRIGHT RED HAIR



I'm the stand-in, Jeannie the star—and still the great pal of our teenage fun and shopping-spree days.



We used to practice dancing beneath an oak tree. Now Jeannie's thrilled at orange trees in her own back yard.



On TV, she rides with Allen Jenkins. On a recent New York trip, Jeannie shared her cabs with husband Bill.

By JUNE BERRYMAN

MY NAME is June Berryman; I work on the CBS-TV show *Hey, Jeannie!* as Jeannie Carson's stand-in. Jeannie and I have a lot in common: We're both in show business, wear our hair the same way, love swimming, badminton, and movies, and shop for one another's clothes. We are the same height and weight, five-feet-two-and-one-half, 100 pounds for Jeannie, 104 for me—I envy the fact she doesn't have to watch her weight. Differences? I have brown (Continued on page 71)

Jeannie Carson is starred in *Hey, Jeannie!*, seen on CBS-TV, Saturday night at 9:30 P.M. EST, as sponsored by Procter & Gamble for Dash, Drene and Crest.



Jeannie's a fish 'n' chips girl, and Mr. and Mrs. Redmond keep up the British tea-time habit. Bill's associate producer of the show.



TO SUSAN

with Love

Virginia Dwyer—who mothers young Amy in *The Secret Storm*—in private life cherishes her own daughter Susan, a true teenager at fourteen

By FRANCES KISH

WATCHING Virginia Dwyer play a scene with Jada Rowland in *The Secret Storm*, you sense the feeling of rapport between these two . . . the understanding and sympathy between the adult Virginia, who is Jane Edwards on the show, and little Jada, who plays Amy, younger daughter of widower Peter Ames, the man who has loved Jane a long time now but whose courtship has run into many obstacles. . . . This feeling of accord has its roots in the love and under- (Continued on page 76)

Virginia is Jane Edwards in *The Secret Storm*, CBS-TV, M-F, 4:15 P.M. EST, for Whitehall Pharmacal and Boyle-Midway.



Susan sees mother off to work—knowing Virginia will be available as "chauffeur" for her own plans later on.



Love of clothes can be a great bond between women at any age—and these two always enjoy shopping together.



Mothers and daughters can share only so much, Virginia has found, but even watching teen-age pastimes can be fun. It's worth all the commuting, to be where Susan can call friends in for a record session (left to right around player: Patty Raymond, Margie Hanlon, Susan, Lola Pia, Louise Hibbert).





FAITH IN



Good friends Ralph Story of *Challenge* and Hal March of *The \$64,000 Question* recommend each other for the same jobs!

The \$64,000 Challenge gives emcee Ralph Story the perfect outlet for his abiding love of human beings

By LILLA ANDERSON

RALPH STORY, master of ceremonies of *The \$64,000 Challenge*, is a man who distributes his affections. He has a father's devotion to his fifteen-year-old son, Bradley; he is on friendly terms—although they live apart—with his wife, June; he boundlessly admires his mother, spunky, capable Marjorie Sneider, R. N. Then, in addition to these deep family attachments, he carries on a serious love affair with the broadcasting audience.

While it is true that an actor who fails to state at appropriate intervals that he "just loves people" might just as well hand in his AFTRA card, Ralph—who maintains he is not an actor—charges the idea with a fervor born of his liking for his new assignment to *The \$64,000 Challenge*.

As befits a man (Continued on page 63)

Ralph Story is emcee of *The \$64,000 Challenge*, seen over CBS-TV, Sundays, 10 P.M. EST, as sponsored by Revlon, Inc. and Kent Cigarettes.

HIS FELLOW MAN



On TV—Lisa Loughlin, Doris Wiss. At a Copacabana opening—CBS veep William Froug, singer Roberta Linn.



Above—challenger Frank Medley, champion Mrs. Catherine Kreitzer. Below—playgoers Froug and Story.



After a program, Mrs. Ruth Buchholtz, Ralph, Mrs. Bobbye O'Rourke receive the thanks of director Seymour Robbie.



Apple of Ralph's eye is his son Bradley, who's still in the West—that's his picture on Ralph's desk.



Any home in New York must meet his son's approval. Ralph wonders—would Brad like Washington Square?



Above, he helps artist Helen Freitag hang outdoor exhibit. Below, he hunts ideas at indoor Homefurnishings Show.



Mark Saber — at home



Between adventures as The Vise's heroic investigator,
Donald Gray relaxes in the quiet English countryside



Fan mail comes in bundles—from both Britain and America. Don answers it, and signs photos at a Thames address.



They drive on the left, then wife Sheila and Don confer on what's the right side of the road for a weekend jaunt.

THE MANHUNT was on for more than a year. The "wanted" was a detective-hero for *The Vise*, a made-in-England television series. The searchers were producers Edward and Harry Danziger, and their bill of particulars was particular. The crime-crusher who wrestles a mystery to its ultimate end by muscle alone was dismissed. The plodding policeman was discarded as always a help but never a hero. What the Danzigers wanted was a man in the tradition of Sherlock Holmes—but also different. They wanted a sleuth who was cerebral but charming, a man with breeding but also with brawn.

The search led them to Investigator Mark Saber, handsome, dashing, gray-at-the-temples ex-police inspector. "Born" as a radio detective, Mark Saber solves crimes that Scotland Yard is unable to handle. He is hand-in-glove with *The Vise* format of dramas of people who are faced with dilemmas of their own making; rather than with artificially created problems. Soft-spoken, firm, every inch the man of gentle breeding, Saber can be as tough as any TV "private eye," often tougher. A skilled amateur painter and a collector of rare books, he is equally expert at boxing and judo. He is fascinating to women—and he is also a man's man.

Once they'd settled on the character of their detective, the producers went searching for an actor who could fill the role. The answer presented itself in the person of Donald Gray—all six feet of him. Powerful, dynamic, ruggedly handsome, Donald fitted every detail of the detective, even down to the ready adjustment both men had made to the loss of an arm.

"Saber," says Gray, "is first of all a man of the world." Much the same can be said of the



Donald loves being Mark Saber. They're so alike. But Don know he's luckier. After all, he has Sheila and Loretta.

See Next Page ►

Mark Saber — at home

(Continued)



Visits from *The Vise* cast are the order of the weekends. This weekend, it was Magda Miller whom Don welcomed.

The Vise, starring Donald Gray as Investigator Mark Saber, is seen on ABC-TV, Fridays at 9:30 P.M. EST. It is sponsored by Bayer Aspirin, Phillips' Milk of Magnesia, and other products.



Television is a hard taskmaster, with scripts to go over even on a weekend. Later, they might visit Ascot.

dark-haired, gray-eyed actor. Born forty-two years ago on his father's ostrich farm in Cape Province, South Africa, Don came to England to round out his education. Like Saber, he received his degree at Cambridge, and also studied in Paris, Rome, and Zurich. Drama was his constant preoccupation and he joined an English repertory company, then went on to London stage and films. Then came World War II. Volunteering immediately, Don worked his way up through the soldiering ranks to become a major, commanding a battalion of the King's Own Scottish Borderers. While leading an advance party in the Battle of Normandy, Don was wounded in fierce action. His left arm had to be amputated. Don permitted himself no feeling of self-pity. He was more determined than ever to become an actor.

To keep himself in crumpets and tea, the handsome Englishman went back to repertory. There, he was re-discovered in 1951 and cast with Linda Darnell and Tab Hunter in "Island of Desire." The film brought him roles in British television and also introduced him to his current *alter ego*, Mark Saber.

In addition to his active career, Don is a remarkably active sportsman. Before his injury, he was a member of the British Olympics team of 1936, as a 175-pound boxer. He still plays a good game of tennis, swims, rides and hunts. For his Mark Saber role, he has become expert at judo.

And, lately, Don has become expert at juggling such things as formula, safety pins and three-cornered bits of clothing. The object of these attentions is Loretta, the infant daughter whom Don and his lovely wife Sheila welcomed last February. The Grays make their home in the Thames countryside, near famed Ascot. The roof of their house is



Teatime finds Magda, Don and Sheila around the hearth, with talk as brisk as Britain's national beverage.

Scrapbooks tell the story of an actor's life. Don's hold items on his war exploits as well as his dramatic successes.

thatched, its hearth is its heart, and it has become a center for weekend visits by *The Vise* cast.

One of the most frequent visitors is America's Diana Decker, who plays Mark Saber's girl Friday, Stephanie Ames. Patrick Holt, Ryck Rydon, Alexander Knox and Donald Wolfit are among the many top-drawer actors who appear from time to time on *The Vise*—and at the Grays' cottage. Magda Miller, a Hungarian beauty, frequently drives out to polish up her near-perfect English or go over scripts with Don.

The Grays are perfect hosts, from the warm greeting at the door to the special outings which they thoughtfully plan for their guests. A visitor immediately becomes part of their happy family circle. Don, who is an amateur chef, may whip up one of his gourmet specialties while Sheila proudly shows off their daughter. Everybody will meet again for tea and talk. Donald Gray is at home with himself, at ease with Mark Saber—and at peace with the world.



Little Miss Ames



When Teal Ames, young actress on *Edge Of Night*, looks into the mirror she sees Sara Lane—the girl you've grown to know and love in the daytime drama. This is the story of both of them





For her debut as Sara, Teal went shopping. But she bought only shoes!



Teal was more nervous at Chrys's debut. Then her poodle began to steal scenes.



Now it's a one-room apartment. But Teal dreams of a home—and a family.

By MARY TEMPLE

WHEN Teal Ames went home recently to visit her family in Binghamton, New York, she found herself in an odd, although not unpleasing, predicament: She had already become so thoroughly identified with Sara Lane, the girl she plays in the CBS-TV daytime drama, *The Edge Of Night*, that old school friends and the neighbors were beginning to think of her more as Sara than as Teal! Even her small nephew, when asked who was coming home that day, had pointed a chubby finger toward the TV set and answered, "Edganight"—identifying her completely with the popular program itself, much to the family's amusement.

To Teal, all of this was interesting, and most complimentary. It meant that she had fitted naturally and easily into the part of Sara, a girl she began to play (Continued on page 68)



TV star John Larkin turns audience for Teal's piano (above). All the cast turn admirers for Chrys. L. to r.: Eric Dressler, Helen Shields, young Beverly Lundsford (Martin, Hester, Bebe Spode), Ian Martin (Charley Brooks), Frank Campanella (Wilburn Smith), John (Mike Karr).



The Edge Of Night is seen on CBS-TV, Monday thru Friday from 4:30 to 5 P.M. EST, sponsored by Procter & Gamble for Tide, Crest, Camay, Spic and Span.

This Is Nora Drake



1. Allen Miller shows his first wife's death certificate to his present wife, Diana, Mrs. Janis Graf, Nora Drake, David Brown—crime reporter with a personal interest in the long-ago Joss murder—and Robert, Mrs. Graf's jealous husband.

TO NORA DRAKE—as to any woman in love—the most important thing in life is the peace of mind of her man. David Brown, the young crime reporter who has come to mean so much to Nora, is eminently successful. His years of work for publishing tycoon Allen Miller have brought him many rewards. But they have not brought him peace. The deep inner disturbance he suffers is tied up inextricably with a long-past murder. A murder cold-bloodedly committed thirty years ago. The victim: Jerome Joss, friend and associate of David's parents—and

circumstantial evidence had eventually resulted in the conviction of David's father and mother as the plotters of the crime.

To the people of Centerville, the murder had long since been dimmed by time. But to David Brown—from the moment he learned about it, at the deathbed of the foster father whose name he bore—it continued a bitter disgrace, constantly renewed in mind by his work as a crime reporter. He has continued digging into the evidence of the Joss case, convinced that his parents were innocent. It is his dearest wish to exon-



2. Nora, private detective Jim Smith and David decide to investigate. They suspect the certificate is forged—and that Janis Graf is really the first Mrs. Miller.

erate them, though their sentences have long since been served.

With Nora Drake's help, David has been tracking down any clue to Joss's murderer. And, during the past few weeks, the devious trail has led to one man David most admired—his own employer, Allen Miller! The known facts on Miller had seemed above reproach: As a young man in Centerville, he had worked for the local paper. He had married, prospered, was a solid member of the community. His wife had been killed in an automobile accident—a tragic happening which led him out of Centerville to the big city where he grew ever more powerful. He had eventually remarried and, to the cosmopolitan world of the big city, the events of his first marriage were unknown.

But to David Brown came the dawning of suspicion. Had Miller known Joss? How had he so suddenly been able to finance the publishing empire he now commanded? Joss had been known to have a substantial amount of money with him at the time he was killed, but it had never been found. And now a weird development had come about: Mrs. Janis Graf, a city woman married to Robert Graf—a neurotic, unstable man—had been accused of being Miller's first wife, so long believed dead!

To answer this accusation, and to allay Robert Graf's violent jealousy, Janis arranged to visit Allen Miller's home, accompanied by her husband and Nora and David. There, Miller proved to be his usual suave, cordial self. If he sensed the thinly masked hostility of Robert Graf, he showed no sign of it. He seemed not to notice Graf's agitation. For all in the room, he produced what seemed to be positive evidence that his first marriage had ended in the accidental death of his wife. The photostat of the death certificate bore a doctor's signature. It stated the facts of death in terse legal language. Yet, to both Nora and David, alert to catch any revealing reactions, it seemed that a look of recognition had flashed between Janis Graf and Allen Miller. The two knew each other, much as they tried to hide it. And what about the death certificate?

Nora and David investigate the identity of a woman long believed dead—to help clear his father's name in the Jerome Joss murder case!



3. Mrs. Graf is firm in her denials. But Mrs. Joss, the murdered man's widow, whispers to Nora and David she is sure Janis is the Mrs. Miller she once knew.

Was it genuine? Nora believed it might be a forgery.

After this strained meeting, Nora and David went to see Jim Smith, a private detective whose judgment they trusted, and asked his opinion of the photostatic record of Mrs. Miller's death. He said there was always the chance that the document might have been forged—a difficult thing to arrange, but not impossible for a man of Miller's influence and money. Jim Smith agreed to go to Centerville to check back into the old records and determine the facts on the accidental death.

Continued ➤

This Is Nora Drake

(Continued)

Nora and David continued to seek out other links between Janis Graf, Allen Miller and the old Centerville events. They had succeeded in locating Jerome Joss's widow, now living quietly and supporting herself by work as a librarian. It occurs to them that Mrs. Joss—a Centerville resident at the time of her husband's murder—might have met Allen Miller's first wife. If Janis Graf's story is true, Mrs. Joss could not identify her. But, if Janis is Miller's first wife, Mrs. Joss may be able to break her story.

They arrange with Mrs. Joss to make an unexpected visit to the Grafts—a visit which proves to be the key to unlock and let loose a series of dire developments. Because Mrs. Joss *does* recognize in Janis the girl she knew so long ago as Mrs. Allen Miller! But, as previously agreed upon with Nora and David, she doesn't reveal this fact in front of Janis's unpredictable husband. Robert Graf had once come very near to murdering his wife in an excess of jealous rage.

With the evidence against Janis piling up, Nora and David maneuver her into making a trip with them to visit David's father, Jack McCord, in the prison where he is currently being held on suspicion in connection with still another murder. Manifestly upset and nervous, Janis holds up throughout the trip there. But, when Jack McCord confronts her, she breaks down completely. Through tears, she says, "I can't keep going any longer. . . . It's true. It's true—all of it . . . I was the first Mrs. Allen Miller."

Nora and David then make a plea for a showdown meeting, at which her story can be judged in relation to people involved in the old days in Centerville. It is arranged at the home of David's mother, Mrs. McCord—and even Mr. McCord is in attendance, in the custody of a police officer. Janis unfolds a strange story.

When she was married to Allen Miller and living in Centerville, Janis suspected her husband of being unfaithful to her. Their marriage had gone badly

4. Confronted by David's father, Jack McCord, in the jail where he is held, Janis Graf breaks down and confesses: "I was the first Mrs. Allen Miller!" As Nora and David suspected, her testimony about the Joss murder is vital.





5. Does David now hold the key to the entire mystery? Nora, Mr. and Mrs. McCord are astounded as a tearful Janis gives up a ring she'd found in Miller's pocket—and Mrs. Joss identifies it as the one her husband carried when he was murdered!

from the beginning, and she thought Allen had fallen in love with someone else. On the night of the murder of Jerome Joss, Allen did not return home. He came home the following evening, seemingly exhausted, and fell into a deep sleep. Janis, dogged by jealousy, went through her husband's clothing to find clues to "the other woman." Perhaps she could discover evidence which would lead to a divorce. The only clue she came across was a woman's ring with one of the stones missing. At the moment she had it in her hand, Allen Miller awoke. Rather than admit what she had been doing, Janis concealed the ring. That evening, Allen and Janis had a final falling-out, and Allen left her. . . .

As she reaches this point in her story, David breaks in: "Do you still have that ring, Janis?"

"Yes," she admits. "I have it. I've always carried it, though I never found out whose it was." And from her bag she produces the ring.

David takes the ring and examines it curiously. Inside the golden band he reads the inscription, "To Mary with love, J."

But it is Mrs. Joss whose reaction is violent.

"That ring," she cries, "was given to me by my husband—and I turned it over to him to be repaired!"

Shocked, Janis Graf struggles to speak. Finally, she manages to say, "I never dreamed the ring belonged

to you. I never connected it with the murder. I only thought it belonged to some woman Allen was playing around with. How could Allen have gotten it?"

As they all fall silent, in each mind is the same thought: This ring, so small, so inanimate—is it the last little link to tie Allen Miller to the murder of Jerome Joss? If so, what will it spell out for the future of David Brown . . . and of Nora Drake herself?

Pictured here, as heard on the air, are:

Nora Drake.....	Joan Tompkins
David Brown.....	Michael Kane
Janis Graf.....	Alice Yourman
Jack McCord.....	Arthur Hughes
Catherine McCord.....	Charlie Garrett
Diana Miller.....	Arline Blackburn
Jim Smith.....	Arthur Seelen
Mrs. Joss.....	Betty Caine

This Is Nora Drake is heard over CBS Radio, Monday through Friday, 1 P.M. EST, for The Toni Company and other sponsors.

SEVEN DOLLS for SEVEN DAUGHTERS



Holiday for the young Newtons as Johnny Olsen and George de Witt unveil dolls and dog.

*Not every year does Christmas
come twice! But in 1956 it did—for
the Newtons of Southboro, Massachusetts.
For on Name That Tune dolls, toys and
money rained down upon them*

By HELEN BOLSTAD

WHEN the Newton family's impromptu choir forms around the Christmas tree in their home in Southboro, Massachusetts, it will be doubled in size—if not in volume. For with the seven lovely little daughters there will be seven lovely great big dolls—reminders that, for them, 1956 was the year when Christmas literally came twice.

Their first festival of gifts was in July, in New York, when the head of the family, Edward Newton, was a contestant on *Name That Tune*. (Continued on page 65)

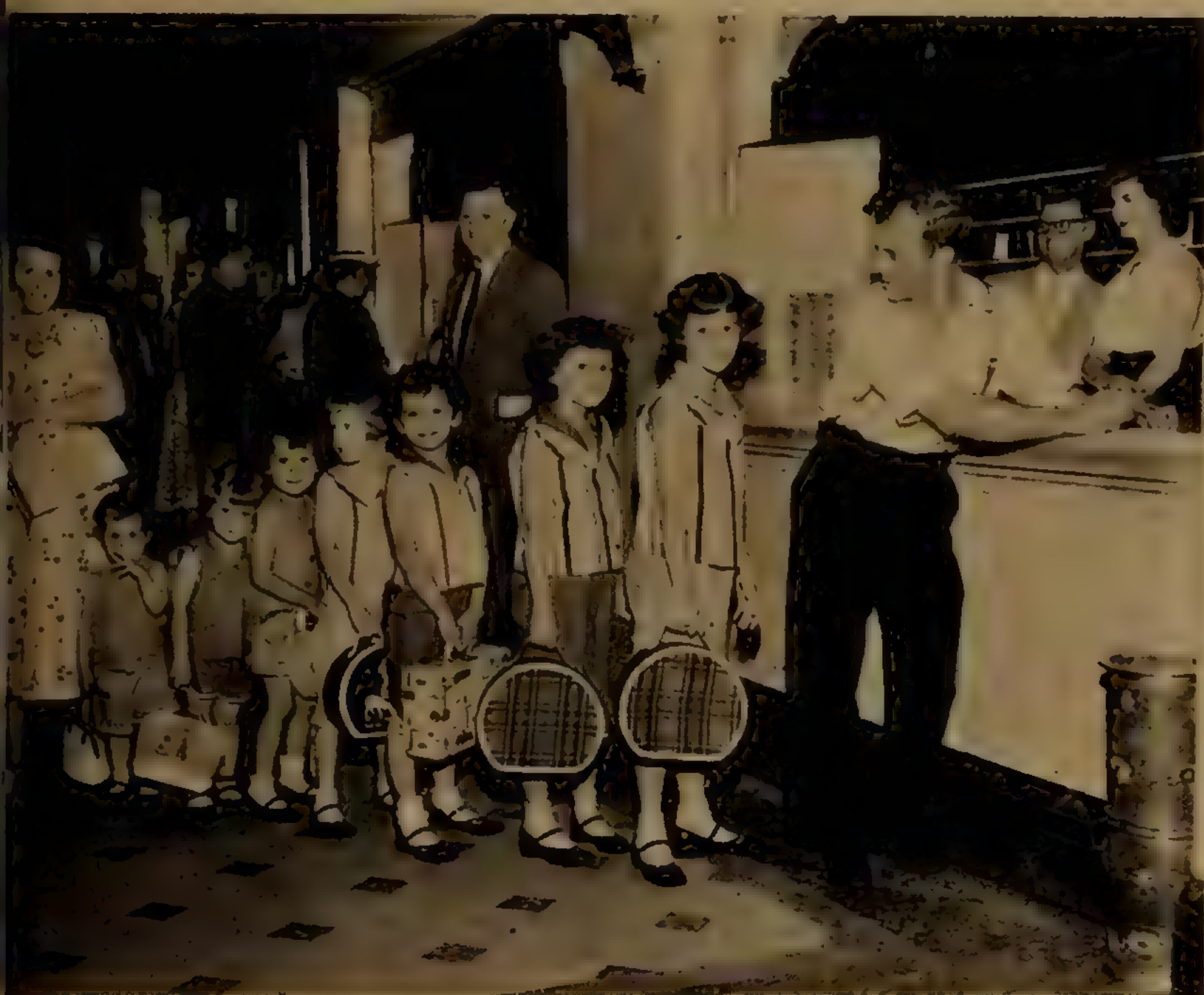
Name That Tune, with George de Witt, CBS-TV, Tuesday at 7:30 P.M. EST, for Whitehall Pharmacal (Anacin, BiSoDol) and Lanolin Plus.



With each quiz tune, tension mounted for emcee George de Witt, Ed, and partner Helen Lancaster. Then came that fatal 4th round and a title they "almost" knew.



One look at the Newton line-up and New York capitulated. Left to right: Baby Edward, Mother Rita, Gloria, Rita, Celia, Sandra, Donna, Barbara, Papa Ed, and Patricia.



Rita and Ed had a date alone while Mrs. Lancaster took charge of the children. "But we got lonesome," reported Ed. "A big family must be habit forming."



For the delighted little girls, everything was exciting, from room service at the hotel to a wonderful surprise—seven bridal dolls almost as big as their new "mothers."





TV RADIO MIRROR

Vote for Your Favorite **PROGRAMS** on Radio and Television

(Write name of one program in each column for each classification except the last two designations at foot of page)

CLASS	FAVORITE RADIO PROGRAM	FAVORITE TV PROGRAM
Daytime Drama		
Evening Drama		
Daytime Variety		
Evening Variety		
Comedy Program		
Music Program		
Quiz Program		
Women's Program		
Children's Program		
Mystery or Adventure		
Western Program		
Best Program on Air		
Best New Program		

Favorite TV Panel Show _____

Favorite Radio Record Program _____

(Cut out this ballot and mail to TV RADIO MIRROR AWARDS, Box 1862, Grand Central Station, New York, 17, N.Y. It is not necessary to fill in both radio and television sections of this ballot.)

VOTE TODAY!

*Again in 1956, TV RADIO MIRROR readers
can honor their favorite programs and performers of
the year. Your votes decide the winners!*

FOR ten years, the TV and radio programs of America have been honored by TV RADIO MIRROR in their reader-participation poll—which determines at year's end the favorites of all the programs on the air. The editors ask your cooperation again, in selecting for them the best-loved, the most entertaining of all the programs and players presented to you during 1956. *Vote today!* Ballots must be postmarked no later than Dec. 10, 1956.

AWARDS FOR 1956-57

Vote for Your Favorite STARS on Radio and Television

(Write name of one star in each column for each classification except last designation at foot of page)

CLASS	FAVORITE RADIO STAR (specify show on which star appears)	FAVORITE TV STAR (specify show on which star appears)
Male Singer _____		
Female Singer _____		
Comedian _____		
Comedienne _____		
Dramatic Actor _____		
Dramatic Actress _____		
Daytime Emcee _____		
Evening Emcee _____		
Musical Emcee _____		
Quizmaster _____		
Western Star _____		
News Commentator _____		
Sportscaster _____		
Best New Star _____		

Favorite TV Husband and Wife Team _____

(Cut out this ballot and mail to TV RADIO MIRROR AWARDS, Box 1862, Grand Central Station, New York, 17, N.Y. It is not necessary to fill in both radio and television sections of this ballot.)

After the balloting is concluded, a staff of independent tabulators will add up all your votes. The final results of their tabulation will again reveal the TV and radio shows which have given you most pleasure during 1956. In the star category you will also be able to honor the men and women who, by their outstanding talent and personalities, have won your admiration. Among the categories this year, you will notice two new designations:

Best New Program and Best New Star. Your votes in these new categories will put the stamp of approval on some newcomers to the entertainment field, and will constitute a signal honor. In the May issue of TV RADIO MIRROR, a complete report of the Award winners will be made. The editors will plan for you color pictures and exclusive stories on all the Award-winning shows and stars. Mail your Gold Medal ballots promptly!



FROM LASS TO LADY

*And all it takes is ten minutes, plus
ten deft fingers, says Mary Linn Beller*



By day, she's a lass
with a casual air . . .



But at dusk she does
a quick pinup job . . .



Sets the curls with a
cloud of hair spray . . .



Takes a last look before
a brief beauty rest . . .



Presto! Our lovely lady of the evening!

By MARY PARKER SHERWOOD

ONE OF THE brighter stars of *The Brighter Day*, Mary Linn Beller daily plays the part of an ingenuous young girl in love. In private life, she is a *woman* in love—with her own handsome husband!

And so, no matter how casually *gamine* she may seem by day (like most of us, she just doesn't have time for fussy, formal effects), when evening comes, she loves to look serene and ladylike for her hero. Which is how Mary Linn has come to devise a quick-change formula for converting the untrammelled tresses she sports by day into something more becoming to a lady-after-dark.

Down goes the sun and *up* goes her hair, to be smoothly snared in a gilt circlet and set, *dry*, in large, loose spiral curls which she secures with clips. And now she sprays her whole head—but lightly—with her favorite hair spray. As this fragrant halo dries, Mary Linn "takes ten," relaxing a little with her eyes closed and her feet pillowed up for repose. Then she swiftly brushes the ends into fetching ringlets . . . adds a bit of ribbon or a froth of feathers . . . slips into a festive frock and goes out to greet her man—looking picture-perfect!

Mary Linn is Babby in *The Brighter Day*, CBS-TV, M-F, 4 P.M. EST, as sponsored by The Procter & Gamble Co.

The Great Big "If"

(Continued from page 20)

night, I was driving as carefully as ever, on my side of the road, in complete control of the car—and yet there it was waiting for me. I couldn't escape it."

Sunday, August 5, had gone well. That morning, Ed had left his hotel apartment on Park Avenue for the air field near Red Bank, New Jersey. He took a taxi plane to McGuire Air Force Base, where *The Ed Sullivan Show* was to originate. The show, featuring all Air Force personnel, came off without a hitch.

"It was then that the delays started," Ed recalls, "for I should have been home about midnight. But things just conspired, one by one, to put us off schedule."

His wife, daughter and two grandchildren were at the farm in Southbury, in Connecticut. Ed phoned his wife to tell her that he and Bob Precht, their son-in-law, would be flying up in a small Air Force plane. They would be landing at the airport in Bridgeport and she was asked to meet them.

"Well, the weather was so-so," Ed says. "We were delayed at Operations a half-hour while they checked on conditions. Then, when we got in the plane, we were held up on the runway another half-hour for clearance." Ed notes, "I wasn't scared or worried. To the contrary, I think I had become overconfident about my traveler's luck."

About midnight, they landed safely at Bridgeport and, by that time, Ed was worried—about the pilots. "It was overcast. The weather had been bad on the way up. When we landed, I asked the Air Force pilots to spend the night at the farm. Captain Leo F. Post, Jr. was pilot, and he explained that he couldn't do this without official permission."

Ed's car was waiting at the airport. His night watchman, Ralph Cacace, had driven down. Ed, Bob and Ralph waited with the pilots for their orders. Within a half-hour, they received orders to return. "But," says Ed, "the weather was touch-and-go, and it was another spell before they got clearance. Conditions were so delicate that they were told, if they were delayed as much as five minutes on the take-off from Bridgeport, to call back again for clearance. Well, they took off, but those boys were on our minds as we drove home."

Ed was driving a 1956 Lincoln hardtop. His son-in-law, Bob Precht, 26, a tall, blond youngster, sat at his right. Husky night watchman Ralph Cacace, 34, sat back of Bob in the rear seat. They were on the Naugatuck Valley road to Seymour when the accident happened. It is a two-lane road, and it was a point about fifteen miles out of Bridgeport that they reached at 1:25 A.M.

"Five seconds one way or another, and we would have been all right," Ed says. "At this particular point, there was no room to pull off the road." He remembers, "I saw the car coming toward us and then it suddenly swerved over into our lane. At first, I thought it was a hot-rod playing 'chicken.' Well, I pulled as far over on my side as I could get, because I didn't want to play. The other car swerved more violently, as though the driver had lost control. Crashed into us, head on."

Ed's wife Sylvia and his daughter Betty had been at the farm all that Sunday. A friend of Betty's was visiting, and in the evening all three watched Ed's show. The grandchildren, Robbie, three-plus, and Carla, one-plus, were asleep. Shortly after the show, Ed put through his phone call from the air base and asked Sylvia

to meet him at the Bridgeport airport.

"Mother can't drive to the airport alone," Betty had said, for it is close to an hour's drive from the farm. "I'll come down with her," Betty added.

"You can't," said Sylvia. "There's no one to stay with the children."

Ed, at his end of the line, settled the discussion by saying, "Tell Ralph Cacace to drive my car down and pick us up."

Then Betty's friend left, and Betty said she would go on up to sleep. She had had a full day with the children and was tired, but she couldn't rest. At midnight, she came down to the living room. Sylvia was lying on the sofa.

"I'm nervous," Betty said. "Bob and Dad should have been in by now." And, looking back, she recalls, "It was the small plane that worried me."

Sylvia suggested that her daughter get a blanket and curl up on the other sofa. She said, "You know Daddy. I've spent half my life worrying about him getting somewhere safely, and he's always been all right."

But, at 1:40 A.M., Betty began to comfort her mother—for it was then that the phone call came in: "Your husband has been in an accident, Mrs. Sullivan. We're taking him to the hospital." It was assumed in that moment that Ed had been the only one hurt. Sylvia woke Maurice Bacon, the farmer on their property. He came over to drive them to the hospital while his wife stayed with the children.

"Just before the impact," Ed now recalls, "there was a kind of detachment. But only for a moment—and then you knew it was happening to you, from the noise. The noise was terrible—renting, tearing, screaming of metal—it was as though Dante's Inferno had burst on you. I'd never lost consciousness but I thought it was just about the end."

The crash was then history, just seconds old, but a fact. Ed's car had been hit by a 1953 Pontiac, driven by Joseph Palmucci, twenty-two, of Ansonia. Both cars had been demolished, but the driving

area of the Lincoln lived up to Ed's commercials.

"I heard Bob calling, 'For God's sake, Ed, help get Ralph off me,'" Ed remembers. Cacace had been catapulted from the rear to the front. "Ralph is a big husky guy and I couldn't help. I couldn't even raise my hand. But I could see Ralph, and his left arm was streaming blood."

Help was there instantly. Other drivers stopped. A man held Ed's head in his lap. And Ed wrote in his column, a week later: "There was a young girl who sat in the road next to me, disregarding her party frock, holding my hand while we waited for an ambulance. I was gasping for breath and she said: 'Just take little breaths and it won't hurt you so much.' She paid no mind to the blood that was leaking onto her dress and spoiling it. I'll never forget these expositions of human nature. When a fellow needs a friend, the friends are on hand, complete strangers."

The girl—her name is Sue Mills—had been equally impressed by Ed's bravery. His concern was for the others and for his family. He asked a stranger to call Sylvia, then added, "Be sure to tell her it's nothing serious, for she and my daughter will be terrified." He even made a joke. He told Sue Mills, "Now, on TV, I'll have a legitimate reason for not smiling." He wanted to be reassured that the others in the accident would survive.

"I thought I was a goner," Ed says. "My chest felt as if it were caved in. I couldn't breathe. They explained to me, at the hospital, that it was because of the tremendous blow to the heart."

The incidents and details were hazy . . . the flashlights poking around and catching his face from time to time . . . the smoke from the battered engines . . . the doctor trying to attend to all four victims . . . the distant whine of sirens and the shrill police whistles. In the meantime, Sylvia and Betty were having a bad time. The phone call had advised that Ed and Bob would be taken to the St. Mary Hospital in Waterbury, fifteen miles away. When they got there, they found that the victims were at Griffin Hospital in Derby—which was on the other side of the farm, so they had to drive an additional thirty miles. But it was at St. Mary Hospital that they first learned Bob had been injured too. At that point, Sylvia began comforting Betty again.

Betty is a very pretty brunette who closely resembles her mother. She is the Sullivans' only child, much admired and loved by her parents. As a child, she had always traveled with her parents, and the three comprise a close family. Betty met her husband while attending U.C.L.A. The first years of their marriage were spent with Bob in the Navy—after his Pacific sea duty, Bob was assigned to Navy Intelligence. He now works for CBS and, with their children, he and Betty make their home in Scarsdale. During the summer, they are frequent guests at Ed's farm.

"They looked awful when we first saw them. They were so battered, bloody and bruised," says Betty. "Bob had to have eighteen stitches in his chin alone. When I got to the hospital, he was in the emergency room and they were sewing him up. But, you know, the first thing he said to me was, 'Betty, it wasn't your father's fault.' Then he began to cuss again, as the sewing went on."

Besides the deep cuts, Bob Precht suffered a double fracture of the leg. Ralph Cacace suffered a bad concussion. The driver of the other car that came into

No Less Precious



Dear Friends:

November 11 to 22 is National Retarded Children's Week. Three out of every hundred children born are retarded children. But they are no less precious. With help, many can lead useful, happy

lives. On a national level, the National Association for Retarded Children needs funds for educating the public, for research and prevention. On a local level, its funds go to nursery schools, day care, summer camps and diagnostic facilities. When they hang out their Help Wanted sign, don't fail them. Not to help is to hurt. Send your contributions to Retarded Children, c/o your postmaster.

JACK BENNY

Honorary Nat'l Fund Drive Chairman
Nat'l. Assn. for Retarded Children

their lane was in a cast with a dislocated hip and jaw fracture.

Sylvia and Betty spent the night at the hospital. Because of chest injuries, Ed constantly got alcohol rubs to stave off pneumonia. There were X-rays and cardiographs to be taken. And havoc broke out at the Derby Western Union office and on the hospital switchboard. Phone calls came in from every part of the United States, and from London, Rome, Paris. Telegrams came in such numbers the local police were pressed into service by the wire operator to make hourly deliveries. One of the first telegrams was from Captain Post, the Air Force pilot. He wired, "AND YOU WERE WORRIED ABOUT US GETTING HOME LAST NIGHT."

A priest called in the morning and asked after Ed. "Thank you for coming, Father," said Ed. "Last night you asked me to come back this morning," the priest replied. "I don't remember," Ed admitted, "but may I have Confession and Communion while you're here?"

Griffin Hospital, in Derby, Connecticut, is a small hospital, for it serves a rural community. Ed was its first celebrity. Vincent DeLucca, administrator of Griffin, said: "Celebrity or not, Ed is one of the best patients we've ever had." Sometimes celebrities have a way of taking over a hospital. They require special services and extra attention. They aren't satisfied with the diagnosis and advice of the hospital's doctors. They want specialists flown in from New York or Boston or other big cities. Ed made no such demands. He was so cooperative that, when he left the hospital, his doctor said, "I owe you a dinner for making things so easy for us."

There was, perhaps, one exception to Ed's following the doctor's advice. Ed asked to have Bob, his son-in-law, in the same room for the first couple of days. The doctor didn't wholly approve, for he thought both would rest better if separated—Ed would look at Bob with such anguish. "Ed is tenderhearted," Sylvia explains. "He is always concerned about someone else. He was continually worried about the others in the accident."

And then the "if" period began, even though there was substantial proof that the other driver had been in Ed's lane. The police said this was proven by tire marks, and photographs verified it. Automotive engineers, who flew out from Detroit to check the accident, said that Ed

had done a magnificent job of driving. That he had kept the car in control to the last instant. That, if he had swung to the right or left, they would have been killed. As it was, the greatest impact was absorbed by the heaviest part of the car. Ed had survived the accident because he drives in a slumped position, by habit, and because his car was equipped with a safety steering wheel. But Ed kept "iffing" for days.

"He would lie there," Sylvia recalls, "and say, 'Now if only Bob hadn't been sitting where he was, he wouldn't have slashed his face on the mirror.' Or, 'If I hadn't spent that extra three minutes on the phone . . .'" This went on and on. Finally, I said to Ed, 'If your uncle had curls, he'd be your aunt.' And he began to laugh, as he realized how ridiculous the iffing was."

Ed and Bob were discharged from Griffin within a week, for Sylvia persuaded the doctor that they would be able to give them good care on the farm. But they weren't home long. Bob had a spiral break of the leg. The cast had been ineffectual, and a surgeon had to operate and literally screw the bones together. And then there was the day Ed got another scare.

"I thought everything was going along fine," he says. "About the sixth day out of the hospital, I got some pain but I thought this was from overdoing my convalescence. Then, at dusk of that day, I learned that I had pneumonia. Hospital X-rays showed there was a pool of water under one lung. Dr. Bloomer just put in a needle and drew it out. I couldn't even feel it, but they took out 20 cc. of water."

Ed is a man with tremendous drive. He doesn't give in easily to headaches or other localized pains. After the accident, he asked to have a phone at his bedside to conduct business. He announced he would continue his column. He predicted that he wouldn't miss a TV show. He was wrong—and the enforced convalescence gave him time to think.

"I began to see the show as I never had before," he says. "You know, I've had no vacations, really. When I've been away from the show, I've usually been abroad filming for a future program. But, during my convalescence, I actually sat before the TV receiver and studied our show as viewers see it. I saw that there was too much concern about the eight hundred people in the studio. The camera work was manipulated so as to interfere

as little as possible with the vision of the studio audience. Well, there are millions sitting in their living rooms." Ed smiles and says, "Of course, I always knew they were there, but I hadn't seen this technical discrepancy."

Ed has always been sensitive to the public's wishes, but he has always held the initiative. He has brought to television arts and artists considered "non-commercial" by others. He has presented excerpts from opera, scenes from so-called high-brow plays, Moira Shearer in ballet, Charles Laughton's Bible readings, and such concert soloists as Yehudi Menuhin. And the public enjoyed all of it. On the other hand, Ed is responsive to the public's demands and that was the case when he contracted Elvis Presley.

"NBC was trying to knock me off," he smiles. "They had spent twenty-five million dollars trying. They weren't getting anywhere. Then they came in against me with Elvis Presley on a night when I had a fabulous show—Gregory Peck, Lauren Bacall, Susan Hayward, John Houston. In spite of a roster of stars, Presley beat me. The kid beat our rating by four or five points. Well, the thing that astounded me was that NBC didn't hold onto him."

I had never seen Presley," Ed goes on. "When I said Presley wasn't 'my cup of tea,' it was really my 'sour grapes' because I didn't have him. Anyway, I got kinescopes of his appearances on the Dorsey Brothers' show. He did nothing offensive. I called the Morris Agency and said I wanted Presley for the season. I asked them to give me a price and, if I could meet it, I would. They said fifty thousand dollars for three performances, and that was it."

Ed half-smiles and continues, "There was criticism because I signed Presley. I'll give you an example: A newspaper friend teed off on me in his column. I phoned him and asked why. He said, 'Ed, I think it's disgraceful that you'd sign Presley.' I told my friend that we had had a pretty good show opposing Presley—but his paper had ignored our show to review Presley on the Allen program. So he said, 'Ed, I had to. The interest is in Presley.' I told him, 'So you watch Presley, write about Presley, tell me people want to see Presley—and yet tell me it's disgraceful for me to sign him up.'"

Ed shrugs and says, "I'll tell you something, though. When you're in the hospital, you aren't thinking in terms of Trendex ratings. You get pretty sentimental then—about the family. You begin to make resolutions—to take vacations, to work an hour less a day. You begin to think about people and how wonderful they are. In the past you've said it, and meant it—but then you really experience it. The kindness of strangers, doctors, nurses like Mildred Toussaint. All of those letters and telegrams that come in wishing and praying for your recovery. Well, that's something you can never understand until it happens to you under those conditions."

Ed is extraordinary. He is one of the greatest showmen of all times. Nothing in the history of show business comes close to his record. For eight years, he has turned out fifty-two different shows a year which have earned him a weekly audience of up to fifty million people each Sunday. The guy with the flat voice and square face has won the affection of millions for his open-handed sincerity, his humility and his courage. That is one good thing which came out of the accident—proof of just how close he is to the hearts of his viewers.

The Hunger of a Man away from Home . . .

You never can tell what a man or a woman is likely to do when deep human emotions are involved. But you find out by listening to the radio program "My True Story". For this program is based upon stories taken right from the files of True Story Magazine. These stories are not fiction. They deal with the lives of real people—deal with them in such a revealing—sometimes almost shocking—way that they make stirring listening.

TUNE IN EVERY MORNING TO
MY TRUE STORY

American Broadcasting Stations

"We were hounded by my husband's crime." Read "No Place To Hide" in December TRUE STORY magazine—at newsstands now.



Faith in His Fellow Man

(Continued from page 44)

who stands before the cameras in a quasi-judicial role, speaking the final word which means fortune to one contestant and failure to another, Ralph Story customarily weighs his words. However, at mention of his favorite topic—the American listening and viewing audience—his gray eyes light up and take on new animation.

With outspoken candor, he states that he abhors—and consistently has refused to work on—quiz shows which he feels insult the audience. He believes the success of, first, *The \$64,000 Question*, and then *The \$64,000 Challenge*, explodes what he calls “the old fallacy that the audience has the mind of a destructive twelve-year-old.” He admires Louis G. Cowan, who started both shows: “He created a social revolution. You look at the man who mends your shoes with more respect when you know that another shoemaker answered questions which would stump most music students.”

To Ralph, *The \$64,000 Challenge* is “the nation’s top tournament of knowledge. Here an average person who has won on *The \$64,000 Question* is challenged by another average person who first watched the show. Can you ask for any better proof that people have a tremendous amount of knowledge—that the audience, too, is made up of intelligent, interesting people? For me, this is direct confirmation of what I have always believed. I have tremendous faith in human beings.”

Ralph’s love affair with the broadcasting audience began in Kalamazoo, Michigan, where he was born, August 19, 1920, the son of Dr. Ralph Bernard Sneider, a physician, and Marjorie Van Bochove Sneider, an orthopedic nurse. He has a librarian to thank for his introduction to radio. “On our little station, WKZO, a man called Uncle Bill told stories to children. He called her to ask for a boy to be on the show. I became one of his two little pigeons.”

That intoxicating touch of radio stayed with him. “In the grades we had to make up ‘career books’ with clippings and pictures showing what we wanted to be. I scandalized everyone by insisting I wanted to work in radio instead of being a forest ranger or a locomotive engineer. I was told no one did that. But I’ll bet, of all the kids who made up those books, I’m the only one who is doing now what he said he wanted to do then. To me, radio was the only exciting thing in our town.”

In his own home, the choice was even more shocking. “In our family, everyone went into medicine or nursing. The previous ‘black sheep’ was a relative who wanted to be a minister. It wasn’t until some one realized that ministers, too, could be called ‘Doctor’ that I succeeded to the black-sheep title.”

Despite his radical ambition, life in the roomy house on Oak Street was pleasant. Ralph and his father went fishing and camping. All three of them played golf, although, as Ralph says, “Golf lessons were wasted on me. I preferred the person-to-person combat of tennis to trying to beat an abstract score.”

Ralph’s biggest thrill was receiving a car when he was fourteen. “It was a baby-blue Olds convertible, and having it officially mine made me feel seven feet tall. But I was the only one in town who was fooled. Girls weren’t a bit impressed. They knew I had only a learner’s license and some adult had to be along whenever I drove. Actually, it turned out to be a second car for my mother. When we wanted to go anywhere, we all piled into

Ed Harrington’s—he really had a car.”

This idyllic existence ended abruptly. Dr. Sneider, in Chicago to attend a medical meeting, was involved in a traffic accident and died of a heart attack. “My best effort to comfort my mother,” Ralph recalls, “was to suggest, the day after the funeral, that we play a round of golf. I hated it, but she liked it. She explained that people wouldn’t understand. She understood, however, and that’s all that mattered.”

They got along. Mrs. Sneider resumed her work as a nurse, and a couple of the rooms in that big house were rented. Ralph’s interest centered around the high school’s weekly radio program. He became the official announcer, and, when he was graduated from Central in 1937, he found a part-time job at WKZO, paying five dollars a week.

It helped pay his expenses at Western Michigan College. “Living at home, my money went twice as far.” A year and a half later, he quit school to take a full time job at the station.

For Ralph had a girl—pretty June Weber, daughter of the secretary of the Chamber of Commerce. “It was like in ‘Our Town,’ we just always knew we wanted to get married.” The date was March 31, 1939. They took a small apartment. “It had to be small,” Ralph says. “I was getting twenty-five dollars a week and June helped out by working at the Upjohn Pharmaceutical Company.”

The station itself provided an education. “I sort of teamed up with John Lascelles, who had run the doughnut counter at the A. & P. store. We were about the same age, came to the station at the same time. We did all kinds of shows—religion, news, ‘man-on-the-street,’ recordings. We wrote them, announced them, sold them. It was priceless training. We learned all facets of the business.”

After his son Bradley was born in September, 1940, Ralph moved on to WLAV in Grand Rapids. John went to WGR, Buffalo, and soon wired Ralph that there was a job open. He worked there until he went into the Air Force in 1943. (“I had learned to fly while at Grand Rapids,” he explains.) Returning to Buffalo in 1945, after flying 63 combat missions, he took over *The Musical Clock*.

When his contract ended in 1948, he was ready to offer this knowledge to New York. Godfrey had just quit his morning shows. “I arrived just two hours too late,” Ralph remembers. “They had just hired Jack Sexton from Chicago. They asked me to go to Hollywood.”

It was thanks to this situation that Jack Sexton became “Jack Sterling” and Ralph Sneider became “Ralph Story”—for CBS had decided to own the names of its morning-show maestros. Ralph gained legal right to “Ralph Story” at the expiration of his first KNX contract. “They then realized that a certain personality becomes so identifiable with a name that it belongs to the man—and men aren’t interchangeable.”

His first venture into television rang no bells. In a summer replacement titled *What Do You Have In Common?*—for thirteen weeks—Ralph occupied Coffin Corner opposite *Dragnet*. He says, “I know two persons watched it. Jack Webb did, looked me up and became my friend. Harry Fleishman of the Louis G. Cowan office saw it and asked me to audition.”

Ralph, under contract to KNX, recommended Hal March. Hal, also with a Coast contract, recommended Ralph. The show was *The \$64,000 Question* and Hal, for a

time, commuted from Coast to Coast.

When, during the past summer, *Question’s* companion show, *The \$64,000 Challenge*, went shopping for a new master of ceremonies, Ralph was available. “My contract at KNX ended at 8:45 A.M. on July 13—and, at 10:40 A.M., I was on a plane for New York.”

Recollection of his first program makes him shudder. “I figured I had ‘gone to school’ to television for thirteen weeks on that summer show, and no one learns much in thirteen weeks. I had to depend on the staff and crew to teach me.”

Perhaps it was his very slowness, his courtesy and his willingness to learn which saved him. By the second program, the crew had enough confidence in him to kid him during rehearsal. With both real questions and real contestants missing, they supplied him with cards reading, “Do you think Tommy Manville is slowing down?” Ralph, too, had gained confidence. When he asked a girl stand-in, “What do you do?” and she replied, “Nothing,” Ralph deadpanned, “How did you prepare for it?”

The many moves which proved so good for Ralph’s career were bad for his marriage. “June and I remain good friends,” he says, “but we’ve been separated, off and on, for seventeen years. We’ve never sought a divorce because neither of us has ever wanted to marry anyone else.”

His deepest affection goes to his son, Brad. Just before Ralph came to New York, they had gone on a camping trip together in the High Sierras. Brad remains close in Ralph’s thoughts at all times. For example, Ralph is now living in a New York hotel apartment and debating where he wants to live. But even in this his son’s interest is paramount. He says, “It should be some place that Brad will like when he comes to visit. I’m not sure he’ll enjoy being in the city.”

Brad, Ralph explained, has reached the age where he is finding his own way of life—and that life is science. “He’s a fabulous gardener, a good woodsman, and already quite an astronomer,” says Ralph proudly. “He’s on speaking terms with Dr. Dinsmore Alter, head of the Griffith Planetarium, and hopes to work there as an usher as soon as he enters college.”

Ralph smiles when he recalls, “It was those comic books I used to worry about which helped set the direction. I suppose each boy takes out of comic books what he wants. If he wants violence, he’ll find that, but Brad started looking beyond the horizon. Science fiction came next, and then he really started to learn what he needed. He understands nuclear physics in a way I never shall, he has some comprehension of the Einstein theory—which is only a phrase to me. It has made me understand that he’s not a little boy any longer, he is a coordinated human being.”

Finding understanding, in Ralph’s opinion, is “the greatest adjustment a parent has to make. If I start to put my foot down, I’ll merely discover there’s no foot. The best I can hope for is that his mother and I have given him the training he needs to make a good life for himself, and that he’ll call on me when he needs me. He’s my son, but I also must recognize that the baby days are over. Here is an interesting young man, with whom I happen to be very good friends.”

But good friendship doesn’t just “happen” to a man like Ralph Story. He was born to be friends with the world. And *The \$64,000 Challenge* gives him a heaven-sent opportunity to prove his abiding faith in his fellow man.

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WHAT'S NEW FROM COAST TO COAST

(Continued from page 13)

moon, with more fantastic sounds by Pete Rugolo. Her voice, slightly scalded at the edge, mulls "Dearly Beloved," "For All We Know," and ten other memories. . . . The gal who first put women in trousers, Kay Thompson, will do the adaptation, musical background and just about everything else for the November 22nd *Playhouse 90* production of "Eloise," her story of a fictitious, mischievous little girl who lives at New York's Hotel Plaza. James Mason's little girl, Pamela, is set for the role of Eloise.

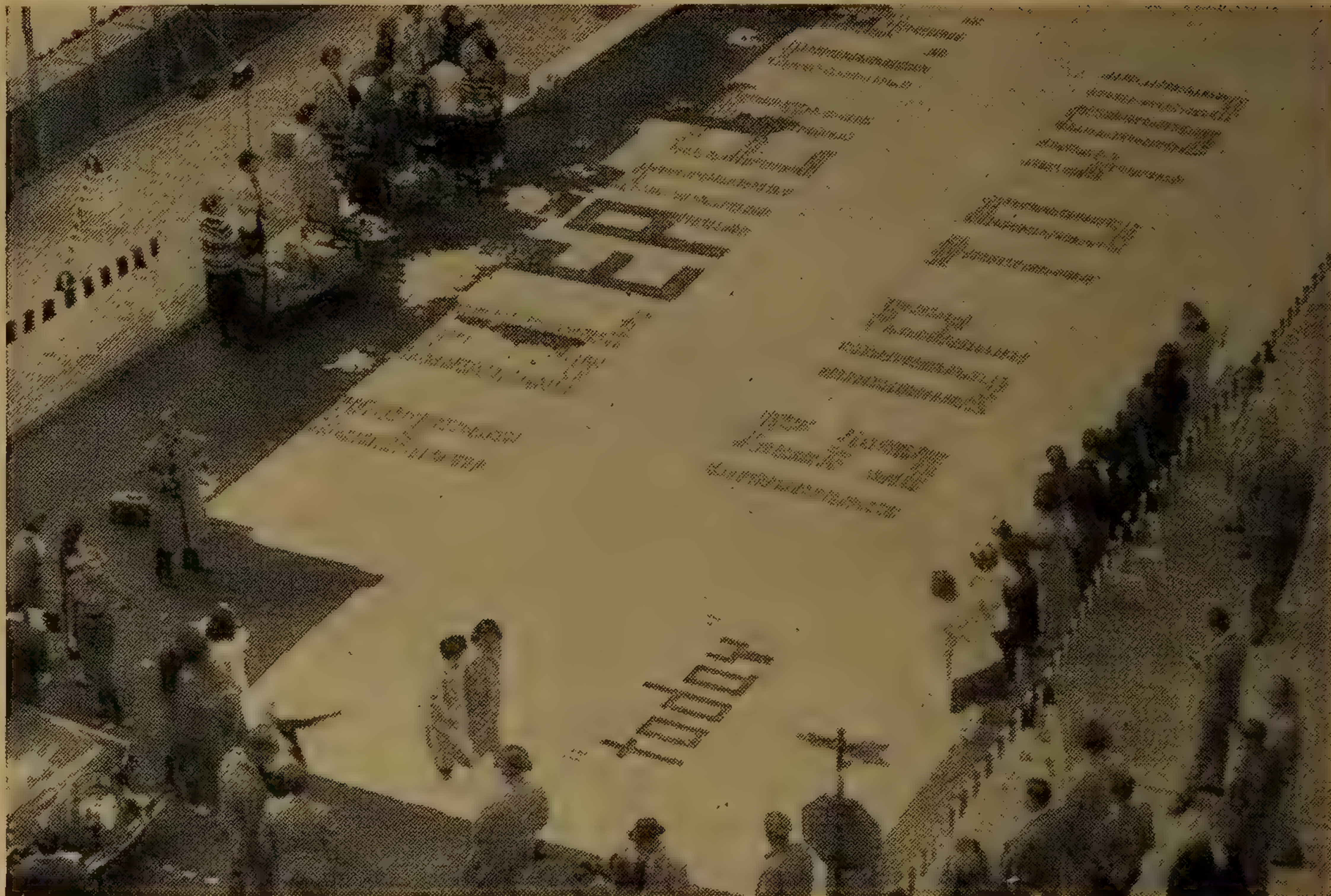
Family Affairs: Joan Tompkins, long-loved as *Nora Drake*, can also be seen on *Valiant Lady* as the Governor's sister. . . . Chris Schenkel, who reports Monday-night fights, is dearly beloved by wife Fran and daughter Christine but they can't stand the sight of boxing so turn up the volume but black-out the picture. . . . Claudia Morgan, of *Right To Happiness*, plays Broadway in Shaw's "Appelcart." . . . Eddie, Debbie and newborn will be in New York City for the holiday season.

Anniversary Time: Actress Marion Barney has played a variety of roles, but is most famous as *Pepper Young's* mother. In 23 years she has gone through four Peppers, one of whom was Burgess Meredith. Marion was born in California. Her great-grandfather was state governor. Many ancestors were prominent in U.S. history. "My mother used to say, 'We are blue-bloods but where did the money go?'" Forty-seven years ago Marion married businessman R. T. Richardson, a Brooklyn native. "They said we were too young for marriage. They wanted to talk about it. But we decided, 'Let's get married and then let them talk! So we eloped.'" Mr. and Mrs. Richardson now live in St. Albans, Long Island. Twice a week she comes into Manhattan to record *Pepper Young* shows. "The character has become me. I am *Mary Young*. Even my own expressions have been picked up and put in the script." She describes herself and husband as "homebirds." He is retired and helps with housekeeping. Her domestic pleasures are sewing and embroidering. Her favorite sport is swimming. Next month, on December 15th, Marion Barney will be 73.

The Brothers Crosby: In an interview 23 years ago, Der Bingle complained, "Every-



Joel Grey climbs to fame on "Jack and Beanstalk." Mort Abrahams produces.



Soap—108,000 pink bars of Camay donated by Procter & Gamble—paved Rockefeller Plaza. *Today* viewers saw motto: "A Cleaner N. Y. is up to you."

time I croon to the baby, he cries." Now everyone knows that Gary was merely more interested in hearing himself. But Bing goes back to those years with the intriguing album titled, "Songs I Missed the First Time Around." . . . And brother Bob comes up with another collector's item. For Coral, it is a playback of the great numbers that made the Bobcats so famous in the swing era. Some of the original band members are with Bob in this hi-fi re-recording that beats all the way home.

Big Deal: On NBC-TV, Nov. 12, "Jack and the Beanstalk," musical comedy with Cyril Ritchard, Celeste Holm, Peggy King, Arnold Stang, Billy Gilbert. But Jack, himself, will be played by a comparatively unknown talent, Joel Grey. Joel, in his early twenties, is five-five, with brown hair and eyes to match. A gourmet with a huge file of recipes, he often invites dates in for dinner. His fine taste extends to clothes and his friends kid that even the dungarees he wears at rehearsals are tailor-made. And they add seriously that he is loved by friends, for he is considerate and very sensitive. Mort Abrahams, exec-producer of *Producers' Showcase*, says Joel was chosen for the lead because, "This guy's so sensitive." On TV, Joel has acted on *Kraft* and the *George Abbott Theater*. As dancingsinger, he played Ed Sullivan's show as well as famed night clubs such as the Copa, Chez Paree, Mocambo and Ciro's.

Love's Labor Found: Actress Jeanne Moody says that the loveliest salary in the world is when a woman gets paid to make love to her own husband in public. And that's what happens when she plays in *The Adventures Of Jim Bowie*, starring Scott Forbes, her husband. "In one script I don't win Scottie, but it doesn't matter. I know he's mine when we get home after the day's work at the studio."

Story Behind The Story: Julie Stevens will have her baby during November and, since October 29th, Virginia Clark has been playing the title role in *The Romance*

Of Helen Trent. Virginia Clark originally played the part from 1933 until 1944, when the show moved to New York City. On moving day, she elected to stay in Chicago to care for her children and home. She is a remarkable gal, a native of Little Rock, Arkansas, where she sang in a trio that included Jimmy Melton and Dick Powell. She is a beauty, a sparkling brunette who was runner-up for Miss America. A brain, she attended University of Alabama and Chicago School of Expression. She is taking over Julie's role temporarily. About the second week in December, Virginia will return to Chicago and private life.

Medic's Hedic: *Medic* will be back after the first of the year. Inside story (if you haven't heard already, it's inside) goes this way: There was a chapter in the series called "Glorious Red Gallagher," concerning a nurse about to retire who is asked to stay on to help a young expectant mother. Film showed a whole Caesarean. NBC execs turned green. Said no. Producer said yes. NBC said no. Producer said goodbye. (In fairness to NBC, let it be noted that newsmen were invited to see censored portion and they, too, turned green.) So *Medic's* been off—but things are now patched up, and it returns next year.

On The Run: Paul McGrath, of *My Son Jeep*, and Howard Smith, who plays Buck Holiday in *Second Mrs. Burton*, featured in the movie "A Face in the Crowd." See if you can spot them. . . . Uncle Miltie goes back to Paris in spring to make more episodes in new series burlesquing private-eye abroad. . . . David Brian, *Mr. D.A.*, notes difference between TV and movies. "In TV you have to establish the character before the first commercial. In movies you have time to the popcorn break." . . . Santa Claus and the Stork will be crowding down the Wally Cox chimney about the same time. . . . Kate Smith, before the season is over, will have a new regular series of her own. It will be a weekly to conserve the strength of manager Ted Collins, who suffered a heart attack.

Seven Dolls for Seven Daughters

(Continued from page 56)

After he won a pretty penny, the girls themselves became the center of attraction, with George de Witt, the show's chief question-asker, playing Santa Claus and Harry Salter and his orchestra supplying gala music.

The story first came to light, however, on Easter, when newspaperman Bill Cash of the *Boston Globe* watched the family make a private Easter parade into church with Rita in the lead, Ed bringing up the rear. Between them were their daughters: Patricia, 10; Barbara, 9; Donna, 8; Sandra, 7; Celia, 6; Rita, 3; and Gloria, who was then not quite two years old. Each wore a matching dress and hat which their mother had made.

In thinking that they made quite a picture, Bill Cash was ready to admit he might be prejudiced. He had been best man at the Newtons' wedding. But other editors shared his opinion. When he insisted on calling a photographer and running the picture in *The Globe*, the Associated Press picked it up, it was published all over the world, and letters, telegrams and phone calls flooded the family. Later, TV viewers, too, thought them charming. But few knew that behind this happy family lies an inspiring story of courage, faith and love which holds them together to face a serious problem.

The love came first, a rich endowment passed along by an older generation. Rita was the daughter of Helen and Robert Stella and, as a girl, lived in the Silver Lake section of Staten Island, which sits smack in the middle of the harbor of the City of New York. Theirs was a lively household, for Bob and Helen Stella were show people who had produced vaudeville shows on Broadway and taught young hopefuls at their dramatic school. When they settled down to raise their own family and Bob bought a garage and filling station on Staten Island, they hung onto their dancing shoes and even today produce shows for church and civic groups.

Rita's mother says, "Rita was our red-head, our laughing, frivolous girl. She was quite in earnest about her job in the book-keeping department of National City Bank. Every day she rode the Staten Island ferry to go to work in Wall Street. But we still thought all she really cared about were pretty clothes and dances."

Edward Newton was a lad from up Boston way who went to sea in an Esso tanker. Curly-haired, slight of build, and quick to laugh, he drew many a girlish glance when, on St. Valentine's Day, 1943, he turned up at a dance at St. Theresa's church.

"Only time I ever went to a church dance in my life," he says today. "I don't know why I did then, except we were in port and it was something to do. I met Rita. We had one date—and that was it."

One date—but twelve months to write and think it over. In that war year a seaman on an oil tanker knew he would draw tough runs and enemy fire. Eddy Newton did both and was wounded before he returned to home port and Rita Stella.

Two weeks later they were engaged. Says Ed, "My first proposal was a sort of joke. Walking ahead of her down the steps to the Staten Island ferry, I dropped down on one knee, clasped my hands like a guy in a comic valentine and said, 'Darling, please be mine.'"

The way Rita laughed and said, "I'd love to," was the encouragement Eddy needed. Soon they were breaking the news to her parents, asking Ed's friend, Bill Cash, to be best man, and making plans for a big white-satin wedding with 200 guests.

They lived in New York until the oldest daughter, Patricia, was born. Ed wanted no big-city living for his children. Moving to Shrewsbury, Massachusetts, he accepted his brother-in-law's offer to take him into business. The firm emerged as Newton & Stonelli, Plasterers.

As Ed was later to tell the TV world, he is proud of his occupation. "It's a good trade," he says. "You work on people's houses. You try to make them secure, comfortable, beautiful—and there is nothing more important than someone's home."

Each year brought another little daughter. Vivacious Patricia, who is dark-haired like her father, was followed by Barbara, who has her mother's strawberry-blond coloring. Then came Donna, Sandra and Celia. Rita characterizes them: "The girls alternate—one is dark and lively, the next is light and quiet."

But there was no new baby the next year, nor the one after that. Specialists confirmed their family physician's diagnosis: Rita had muscular dystrophy—that mysterious, muscle-deteriorating malady. It was a crushing blow for a time, but eventually, with a redhead's spunk and a Christian's faith, she found her answer. Although her doctors dictated, "No more children," and her family begged, "Oh Rita, take care of yourself," she gave birth to small Rita, and, a year later, to Gloria. Not easily, it is true, but she survived and the babies were healthy. She told her mother, "If this is God's will for me, I'm sure He will also show me what to do. I mean to be as active and happy as I can."

Seven little girls in stair-step sequence are bound to attract attention, and Rita's desire to have them dressed prettily led to her next undertaking—a study of fashion design. She says, "I took a correspondence course. I intend to make designing my career. My first project was the Easter hats and dresses for the girls."

Another baby was on the way and the task was not as simple as she makes it sound. Ed says, "It was quite a winter. Measles and whooping cough went through the family and Rita caught them, too, but she kept right at the dresses. She started in February and finished them in April."

The ink wasn't much more than dry on that newspaper picture of the girls in their Easter dresses when editors ran it again. The new baby was a boy, Edward Jr. At last Ed and Rita had the son they had always wanted.

Among those who fell in love with the picture of those seven pretty girls was Harry Salter, maestro of *Name That Tune*. Promptly, he invited Ed Newton to appear on the program.

Ed met the music questions handily during his first session before the CBS-TV cameras, but he answered more about raising a large family. Master Of Ceremonies George de Witt, himself the father of a husky two-year-old son, Jay, asked Ed how he managed all the children.

Ed laughed. "That's easy. You just teach each one to do her part—the older girls help with the little ones, and even Gloria, at two, can do her chores. She puts the silver on the table, one piece at a time."

Questions about family management were doubled the next week when Ed's "partner" on *Name That Tune* arrived. Mrs. Nat Lancaster of Richmond, Virginia, who had sent in the original list of musical questions he had answered, had three children. Much note-comparing went on. And when they won \$8,000, George asked Ed what he intended to do with his half of the money. "Install a second bathroom in our house. With eight kids, we always have

a line. Maybe with a second bath, I can shave in peace."

Another question, asked after the show, was not so quickly answered. When the show's staff thought it would be wonderful if the girls could be on the show the following week, Ed lost his wide grin. "I'll have to ask Rita. She's been ill, you know."

Rita promptly leveled all objections. "Sure we can do it. We get down to visit my folks, don't we? So what if I have to rest more than usual. And I'll have no mention of muscular dystrophy. Let's not have people worrying about it."

The girls' conquest of New York began the moment they stepped down from Ed's station wagon, each wearing a striped play suit, each carrying her own small handbag, each tossing winning smiles at spectators, bell hops, desk clerks and elevator men.

They won Mrs. Lancaster's heart in nothing flat and she volunteered to take them to dinner so that Ed and Rita might have their first date—alone—in years. At the Automat, which they decided would be the most fun, all the girls wanted bologna sandwiches and ice cream. Then they went to the Radio City Music Hall.

Ed and Rita's sightseeing was brief. They said, "We walked down Broadway, talking about the days when we were first married. Then we looked in the windows on Fifth Avenue. And then we went back to the hotel to wait for the girls. We hadn't the heart to go to a show. We were just plain lonesome. A big family must be habit-forming."

When Ed and Helen ran their score up to \$15,000, George de Witt of *Name That Tune* proclaimed a celebration. Instead of signing off with his customary, "Go to bed, little Jay," he said, "Get ready, son, we're all going to Coney Island."

With the young Lancasters, the Newtons and some persons who, as Helen Lancaster said, "must have gone along for the ride," they piled into a sightseeing bus and on the Coney Island boardwalk became almost as much of an attraction as the rides.

The girls were virtually blasé New Yorkers when they returned to the program the following week. Poised and pretty, they settled themselves on pillows and phone books placed on the front-row.

Tension mounted with each question, each thousand dollars Ed and Helen won, but at the fourth tune, they drew a mental block. Both knew full well that the song was "March of the Toys," but all Helen could manage to say was "The March—the march from 'Babes in Toyland.'" Since the name of the operetta had been given in the question it wasn't sufficient identification. The \$18,000 they then shared, however, was more than enough to build the Newtons' second bath and that dining room the Lancasters wanted.

But little girls are slower to understand such things. A small voice piped, "Daddy lost," and seven small faces fell.

Then George de Witt sprang his own big surprise. The curtain rolled back to reveal the girls' gifts—bicycles, tricycles, dresses, a puppy, and seven dolls in bridal gowns—each almost as tall as the littlest girl, Gloria.

Their proud and happy grandmother is sure the dolls will join the Christmas circle, probably in new Christmas dresses to match the girls. She sees the picture, "Patty will go to the piano, and all the girls will sing—and they'll have no trouble in naming the tune, for they'll sing them all, from 'Adeste Fidelis' through 'Holy Night,' and to me, at least, each one will look just like an angel."

Oh! Susanna—Oh, Baby!

(Continued from page 30)

of the phone breathlessly, under the pressure of youthful enthusiasm, as the caller explained: "My mom just read it in the paper. Did you guys know?"

"Why, sure," said young Paul, nonchalantly shrugging his shoulder at the phone. "Don't you think a guy knows what's going on?" Then he said proudly, "This morning, we even made breakfast in bed for her. She's eating now . . ."

"Oh . . ."

"Sorry, I gotta go—Mom's started on the toast. That's the part I made." Paul returned the receiver to its cradle, rushing back to Gale's bedroom, where he and his two older brothers solicitously plumped pillows, buttered toast, and just generally stood around in awe.

The news of the baby's pending arrival had only been announced at dinner the night before. Since only a few hours had elapsed, the resultant excitement hadn't fully subsided. Thirteen-year-old Phillip, for example, was eagerly up at six A.M. and off to the kitchen, where he carefully practiced preparing scrambled eggs. He and his brothers intended serving Gale a surprise breakfast in bed.

That first morning, all hands took part. The result was a trayful of food large enough to serve the entire ship's crew from *Oh! Susanna*, Gale's new CBS-TV series—orange juice, cereal with fruit and milk, bacon, eggs, and slightly burned toast dripping with jam. A quart of milk sat waiting on the edge of the tray, "Just in case you want a second glass," said Phil.

After Lee and I told the boys about the baby," says Gale, "they treated me like glass for about three days. When I came home from work at night, with great concern they helped me out of the car, took my packages—and off we went to the house. Lee and I reassured them that their anxiety was a little early, but their attentions persisted. When they were completely used to the idea—which took the same fast three days—they promptly forgot all about me."

"Naturally," says Lee, "as soon as the news of the new baby was confirmed, we immediately wanted to tell the boys. In fact, we were so thrilled about it ourselves, we wanted to tell everyone. After all, it's pretty wonderful—makes you feel a young man again!" (Lee is all of 37.)

But, for business reasons, the news had to be kept under wraps and they were hesitant about telling the boys. Even if it were told in "strictest secret," it wouldn't take long for the news to spread through their schools—and, possibly, from there to the newspapers. One thing that kept them both anxious, too, was the slim possibility that the news would break in the newspapers before they had told the boys.

But, after apprising the Nestle Company, CBS-TV, and Hal Roach Studio of their situation, the time finally came when they could share their secret with the boys. Since it isn't every night that you tell a family of three young men (13, 10, and 9) that they are going to have a baby brother or sister, Gale could barely contain her excitement.

"After dinner," says Gale, "Lee said to the boys, 'We have some good news to tell you.' They looked up politely. 'You are going to have a little baby brother or baby sister . . . your mother is going to have a baby.' They chorused, in unanimous disbelief, 'What!'"

Enthusiastically, Gale continues describing the event: "Peter, our middle one, is referred to as 'our unemotional son.' He's the one who won't let you kiss him until

you put your knee on his chest. But when we announced the baby, he jumped up, saying, 'You wouldn't kid me, would you? Now, don't you dare kid me!' He ran around the table and flung his arms around my neck, followed by the other boys, still shouting 'You're not kidding?' Bless him, he was so worked up, he had tears in his eyes. In fact, by the time the excitement was over, we all had tears in our eyes. . . . Later, we all had a big laugh, as Paul kept saying, 'I won't be the baby any more!'"

Says Lee, "When your children are old enough to appreciate the possibility of a baby in the house, when they accept it with such eagerness, then I think it's a most wonderful thing. I know Gale will go along with me when I say it was one of our most thrilling family experiences."

A new baby in the Bonnell family had been considered for some time. But, as Gale says, "When the others are grown, you are hesitant to start all over again. When we were first married and Phillip, Peter and Paul came along, it seemed like we were always having some sort of a problem. Like all young newlyweds, we went through times when we were short of money, the house was too small, or we needed furniture—and then youngsters are great consumers of shirts, shoes and diapers."

Yet, when Gale and Lee were first married, they agreed that four children made a good-sized family. "When I was a little girl back in Texas," Gale recalls, "to me, the ideal family had four children. Don't ask me why—I don't know. But I had a mental picture, and . . . well, here we are."

But—because of the previously mentioned problems, which plague every newly married couple—it seemed the Bonnells were going to be limited to a family of three. Then later, with the growth of Lee's insurance business, the success of *My Little Margie*, and the completion of their new home, these problems fast disappeared. "A couple of years ago," says Lee, "we even talked about the possibility of adopting three more boys. There are extra bunk beds in each of the boys' rooms and I thought it might not be a bad idea to fill them up."

"When the boys knew about the baby," says Gale, "they began asking the same questions—in a more intelligent manner—that they had asked at four and five. I've always found that the thing to do is

to give them as much honest information as they ask for. If they want to know, they are never too young. When they are smaller, they accept simpler information and are more easily satisfied. Although Phillip wasn't satisfied, even at five, until he had the whole story.

"During these early years, they generally forget the answers you've given them, and frequently ask the same questions more than once. I've always found it best to give them the same direct answers, but in a casual way. The first child is the toughest to explain to—afterwards, it become easier, because he passes the information on to the others.

"Of course, I think the subject of new life is just fascinating. And I think, if you accept it in a matter-of-fact yet reverent manner, your feeling will be caught by your family. For example, when the baby was far enough along to show signs of life, I'd sit twitching for a few minutes and then say, 'Oh, my goodness, it is active!' 'Oh, really,' they'd say, rushing over to take turns feeling this new life while it performed for them. 'Oh, boy!' they'd exclaim, when it gave out with an especially urgent reaction. 'That really was a good one.'

Toward the end of the eighth month, it grew extremely active and I said to Peter, 'My goodness, I'm almost sure there must be more than one.' He immediately fell in love with the idea of twins, replying, 'It couldn't really be twins, Mommy . . . could it? Well, what I mean is, that is . . . you're not big enough . . .'

"But, of course, he wasn't about to give up the idea too easily. He thought for a moment, then said, 'It could be twin midgets!'

"The important thing is they understand that the baby is there, that it is growing, and their knowledge is increased. And I'm sure they absorb more than we think. About the seventh month, Phillip said, 'The way it's kicking, it's sure to be a boy!'"

In fact, Gale feels the boys probably know as much about the infant as she does. "It's been so long since Paul was born," she says with a laugh, "that I don't remember a thing. When we first knew the baby was due, I was so carried away I thought I'd have the baby by natural childbirth and asked the doctor if Lee could be present. He said no. When I asked why, he told me husbands were not allowed in the delivery room—state law. Too many doctors and nurses had to turn their attention to the fainting fathers.

"We feel like it's our first again. I have to call the doctor up to ask all the silly questions. For example, when he told us the baby was due November 22—and I knew Lee's birthday was November 24—I asked if we couldn't wait for two days. He assured me it wouldn't work.

"I didn't even remember at what month you are supposed to feel life for the first time. I was too embarrassed to call the doctor again, so I called my close friend, Linda Leighton—she was expecting, too.

"Linda and I were in the 1939 Gateway to Hollywood contest, and we've been close friends ever since. Linda and her husband, Joe, were married just six months from the time Lee and I were married. We always agreed that, if possible, we also would have our children together. Linda had no children and finally adopted two. Some time after that, she told me she and Joe were expecting a baby of their own and reminded me of our promise. Two months later I told her our news. 'Gale, you're a true friend,' she said seriously.



Fabric was Gale's cue to Sir Stork styles. And Capt. Valdemar Nielsen of American President Lines cued her on new shipboard series.

"Linda and I are on the phone every day complaining to one another. She lists all her ailments and I list mine—but we enjoy ourselves and laugh over it. When, toward the end, I was 'working for two,' so to speak, it was beginning to get me down, but my doctor told me I was in great shape and horribly healthy. With the baby due November 22, he made sure I understood I could safely work through September 18. He was completely unsympathetic about the whole thing.

"As soon as the baby was announced," continues Gale, "we had two problems: First, what we would name it. Second, how to predict whether it would be a boy or a girl. . . . Regarding names—since Phillip, Peter and Paul all begin with the initial letter 'P'—we felt the fourth ought to begin the same way. But we were stymied—seems there aren't too many names left that begin with that letter. We've either already hit on them, or the others aren't acceptable to the gang. 'Patrick,' for example, was suggested, but Phil said the name aggravates him something terrible. We've almost decided to settle for Frank spelled 'Phrank'!

"The second point was more important than the first—at least, it was to the boys. In the beginning they were horrified at the idea of a sister. Peter said, 'If we have a girl, we'll break our record.' And Phillip echoed with, 'That's right, we have our standards to keep up.'" (Editor's note: This was being written only shortly before the baby's birth, and Gale herself said: "But I'm sure we're having a boy—right now I can't imagine anything else.")

Though he admits it almost reluctantly, Lee at first wanted a girl. But he agrees now that he'll take anything he gets. Says Gale with a smile, "I think he's being a pretty good sport about the whole thing, don't you?" She continues, more seriously, "Lee is the kind of husband who loves babies. When the three boys were infants, he got up with me every night, and I sometimes felt he got as much out of it from the paternal standpoint as I did maternally—he's not just a 'play' daddy."

Lee, in fact, had a younger sister who was born when he was twelve years old. The fact that he is such a good father Gale attributes to the early experiences Lee had with his infant sister: "He learned to diaper the baby," she says, "to bathe and feed her. His mother and father turned her over to him to care for—not entirely, of course, but enough so that he soon learned how to look after a baby's needs. As a result, he soon learned to love his little sister.

"We rather hope the same thing will happen with our new child, and our boys will learn to bathe, diaper and generally care for the infant. I think it will help them become better fathers.

"Already," Gale continues, "the expected coming of the baby has made some small changes in the house. We are working more closely, more as a family. Not that we needed anything before to bring us closer together, but this has brought about conditions which force us to think more frequently of one another rather than ourselves. For example, we haven't had domestic help for the past month, because of vacations, and everyone has pitched in to keep the house in good shape.

"After the baby is able to leave its bassinet, which we'll keep in our room, Peter and Paul have agreed to share half of their large divided bedroom. After putting the partition into place, we will turn the other half into a nursery. The room is wired so Lee and I will hear every sound.

"Share and share alike. We all agree it's the greatest family experience we've ever had!"



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Little Miss Ames

(Continued from page 51)

last April 2nd, the day *The Edge Of Night* first went on the air. She had created this girl. Her identification with Sara meant that while she and the heroine of *The Edge Of Night* were just enough alike to make the show fun to do, she was also an actress who could in many ways be different from a role and still make it very real.

"Basically, it is true that Sara and I are much alike," Teal says. "The differences are partly in the circumstances of our lives. We are both independent people who like to solve our own problems. I have had a fairly easy life so far. While circumstances have been putting heavy responsibilities upon Sara, and given her a maturity rather rare in a girl of her age, I had no such burdens to carry. Like Sara, however, I started out early to be independent. I rebelled against being too sheltered. I suspect that many children are independent by nature and are ready to begin working out their own lives before parents realize it."

Other qualities which Sara and Teal have in common are a warm and friendly attitude towards the world, a trust in people and a belief in their innate goodness. "I'm even more believing than Sara, and we are both probably too trusting at times. Neither of us ever thinks anyone would set out deliberately to fool us, or to hurt us. We both get 'burned' now and then, and still go on expecting the best in the people around us. I doubt that we could change, if we wanted to."

Teal, who will be twenty-six next December 7th, is a vivacious girl with golden-brown hair, blue eyes, the merest flick of pale freckles adorning her pretty nose, a tenderly curved mouth. She is a slim-waisted five feet three and a half inches, weighs around 110 pounds, never seems to gain no matter how much she eats. She has poise and dignity. She has intelligence and humor. But probably the first thing you notice is her friendly directness. When she acknowledges an introduction and says she is glad to meet you, you feel she genuinely is. Her manner indicates that you are a new experience for her, and may turn out to be a new friend.

The name of Teal is really a nickname, the only one she has used since she was seven. Her full name is Otilie, pronounced O-teel-yah, with the accent on the middle syllable. Kids at school found that difficult, called her everything from Ophelia and Amelia to Tilly. This final tampering with the musical sound of her name was too much for a seven-year-old to bear. After a conference with her mother, it was decided they would do the nicknaming, and Teal it became.

As the eldest of five children—three girls who were fairly grown-up by the time their brother Bill, now nine, came along, and another little half-brother not yet two years old—Teal showed a talent for music, singing, and learning to play the piano very early. She also showed a talent for performing, and with her next youngest sister did a duo act at clubs and church affairs, and at school entertainments. A part in a one-act play at grade school and, later, the intoxicating whiff of greasepaint in a small part in a high-school drama, were heady enough experiences to make her want more. When opportunities came, she was willing to work hard to make good in them.

Home movies may have encouraged the Thespian urge. Her father's hobby was not only recording the stages of the children's growing-up, but he did short documentary-type films that had to do with

civic matters and community events. Teal was always one of the "stars," at home before the camera, loving to "act" and to be photographed, fancying herself a real movie star. Little Bill even now calls Teal his "movie star sister," ever since he spent a day on *The Edge Of Night* set as part of a birthday visit to New York, and saw her surrounded by all those cameras and sound equipment, just like the Hollywood stars!

Teal was almost lost to acting when she worked in the personnel department of a big store between high school and college.

"My father was against my working at the time, but there was that need for independence already stirring within me, and I wanted to buy my own clothes and provide my own spending money. The store wanted to train me for executive personnel work, but my father had his heart set on my going to college, and I knew he was right." As a concession to her parents, she chose a course in radio rather than straight drama when she matriculated at Stephens College, at Columbia, Missouri. "They felt it would be more practical, but my own good intentions lasted exactly two days. Then I switched over to the drama department, having to change my whole schedule, but soon getting into all the dramatic activities and the plays. After that first year at Stephens I transferred to Syracuse University, in New York, to be nearer home because of my father's illness. He passed on in 1950."

After three months at Syracuse, Teal was given the lead in a play being tried out for Broadway. The play never made it, but that chance part was all the encouragement Teal needed. Along with her regular college work, she was either rehearsing or performing during the remainder of her college days. So it was hardly a surprise when, two days after graduation, she struck out for New York, a city strange to her, where she knew no one. "This was a little unheard of in our family, but I went with their blessing. I did have some moments of fear, as I am sure they must have, but I now had the need to be on my own."

It was in June, 1953, that Teal came to New York, a time when the theatrical business prepares to enter the summer doldrums, in spite of air-conditioning and tourist influx. In four days the confident Teal had her Actors' Equity card, the symbol of the professional, and a summer stock company job.

"When the summer job ended, I learned about show business the hard way. Luck had been with me, but now the testing time came. I began the long process of what is known as 'making rounds,' seeing agents and producers and casting personnel—when I could get in to see them—leaving glamour photographs and 'vital statistics' and never knowing whether anyone but the receptionist in the outer office ever glanced at them.

"I learned what it means to walk and walk and walk, from place to place. My roommate at that time was a dancer, and when I came home almost crying with the pain of aching feet, she taught me how to bathe them back to comfort, how to do relaxing exercises and to massage tired muscles. I began to think that such things should be part of the curriculum of every drama class!"

The first television break was a general audition at CBS, which led to a walk-on part in a *Studio One* production. Some time later she was to co-star with Faye Emerson in "Melissa," a *Studio One* drama that became a turning point in her career. (Another turning point was a role

in a *Goodyear Playhouse* drama, and a magazine story that featured her work in it, choosing her "star for a night.")

"In 'Melissa' I had my first big, important role on television. Faye Emerson was wonderful for a young actress to work with. Generous. Kind. During rehearsal, the director stood right in front of me during one scene and I wondered why he would be there, when the scene was hard enough to do without his nearness.

"Faye saw my confusion and took me aside during a break. 'He's showing you exactly where the camera will be and where you will have to play to it,' she explained. It was basic knowledge to more seasoned TV performers, but terribly disconcerting for me until she cleared it up. She did many things like that."

Before this taste of success came to Teal, however, there were minor jobs of many sorts, in and out of television. She almost became the "Betty Furness of Pittsburgh" at one point. A local jeweler wanted her to do the TV commercials for shows it sponsored. She did, for about six weeks, but it wasn't "acting" and not even the steady salary tempted her for any longer. She next made a few commercial films, then clerked in a New York department store. For a time worked in the subscription department of a big newspaper in the evenings, so her days could be free to make rounds and read parts. Then she was a girl Friday to a couple of photographers, taking shorthand and doing typing (which she had been smart enough to take at school, even when her heart was set on being an actress). "I got all my photographs free, no small item for an actress who has to leave pictures wherever she applies for work."

Two other opportunities came along at about this same time, before she was set for *The Edge Of Night*, but when the moment of decision arrived she knew she wanted to be Sara Lane. "Someone had seen some of my photographs and thought I was very like Sara, but no one at the agency had heard of me before I read for the part the first time. The reading was not with John Larkin, who plays Lt. Detective Mike Karr, engaged to Sara in the story, but with someone who happened to be in the office. It was partly a love scene, difficult to do under those circumstances. I got through it, they thanked me, and I left.

"A day later I was asked to read again, this time with John, whose experience and poise helped me tremendously. I got a third call, and read again. Then, around five o'clock one afternoon, a fourth call came, asking me to read at seven o'clock. The final reading. This was it.

"John read with me this time again, and with the two other girls who were also being considered for the part. I was the first. I was thanked again, and again I left, this time feeling that it was going to be my part. In fact, I already felt a little like Sara Lane. An hour later I learned my hunch was right. I was Sara."

The first thing Teal asked herself was that eternal question of woman: What will I wear on the show? Practically nothing she had seemed right to her. The show began on Easter Monday, and the day before Easter she went shopping.

"I came home with two pairs of shoes. No new dress, no suit, no coat, nothing but lovely shoes. My weakness! I had spent too much time in the shoe department. I had to start the show with what I had, until arrangements were made to provide special clothes for the players. Very attractive, wearable clothes, I think—the kind I like to wear off the program

as well as on," Teal says with satisfaction. Her taste in clothes, and for that matter, in home surroundings, runs to touches of bright color, and pinks and blues and the yellows that set off her burnished hair. She likes the basic black dresses that can be changed by using different accessories, but wears no black on TV. She loves to dress up, but isn't a frilly type. She is practical about clothes, except when it comes to shoes, and then she goes overboard!

The players in *The Edge Of Night*, the writer, producer and directors keep the story a real one, reflecting experiences which viewers can identify with. While some of the problems seem to be unique to the people on the screen, many viewers recognize a similarity to their own doubts and fears, their own joys and triumphs. They share Teal's anxieties and they rejoice when situations are cleared up.

Rehearsals begin at 9:30 A.M. and last until air time, which is 4:30 to 5 P.M. Eastern Standard Time. "In all these months of being together so constantly, nobody has been difficult to work with. We don't get on one another's nerves. We all have fun, and it's just great," says Teal.

"John Larkin, who co-stars as my fiance, Detective Lt. Mike Karr, is not only a very direct and forceful actor, but a direct and wonderful person. Werner Michel, the producer, and the alternating directors, Dick Sandwick and Don Wallace, are tops. The whole cast and crew are real pros, every one, and I have had only kindness from them. We have a new star on the show too, my puppy, a brown female poodle named Chrys. We used her, rather hesitantly the first time, in a scene with Maxine Stuart, who plays my friend Grace. It turned out to be quite a triumphant debut. I stood at the side of the set, thinking, 'Puppy, Puppy, obey and don't spoil the scene!' She was born to act—she turned her face to the camera at just the right moments, yawned, did everything she had been rehearsed to do. It was really fantastic. The beginning of what I am sure will be a brilliant career for Chrys, a real scene-stealer."

In case you still think the life of a young TV actress is all glamour off-screen, Teal can tell you about the evenings when she has to study her next day's script, when the phone rings with pleasant invitations delivered in appealing voices that have to be turned down. Evenings when she would love to whip up some of her special dishes, such as a delectable beef stroganoff, shrimp with a tangy sauce, fabulously concocted salad platters, and invite the gang in to enjoy them. This seldom happens on a week night, except when there's a day off to follow. She doesn't even have time to shop for food, keeps enough staple foods on hand to tide her over, when she doesn't rely on restaurants.

For a girl whose phone never seems to stop ringing, her lack of time for social life seems a bit hard, although she cares little for night-clubbing and misses only the chance to go to the theater as often as she would like to, and to the movies.

Teal talks freely about the kind of home she wants, some day after she marries, instead of the little one room and kitchenette apartment she has now. She talks of the family she wants to have and she believes strongly that a woman's personal life, the life of the heart and spirit come first, and career second, and feels sure they can be combined happily.

Until that day comes, she seems quite content to be that independent-minded Teal Ames, a girl enough like Sara Lane to make you admire her for Sara's sake, and just enough different to make you like her very much for her own.



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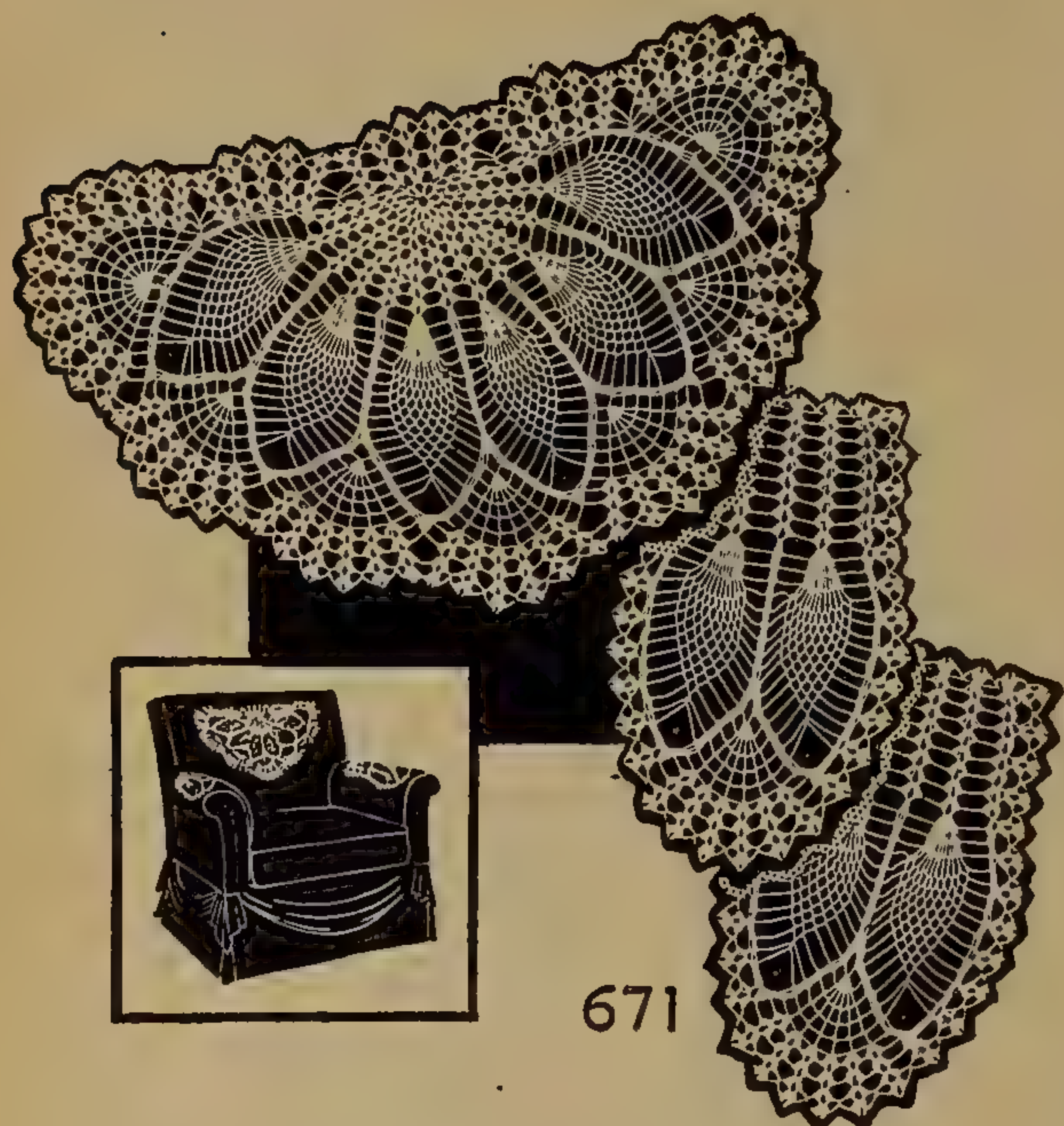
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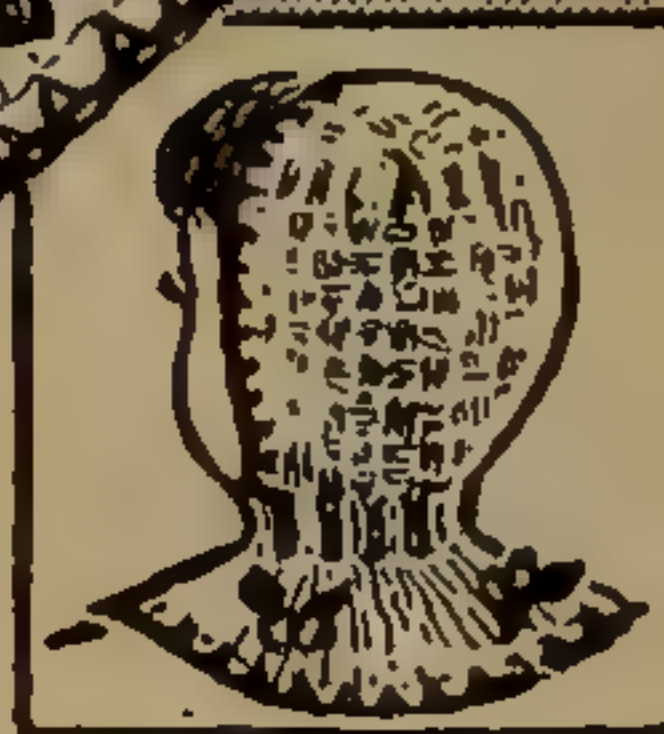
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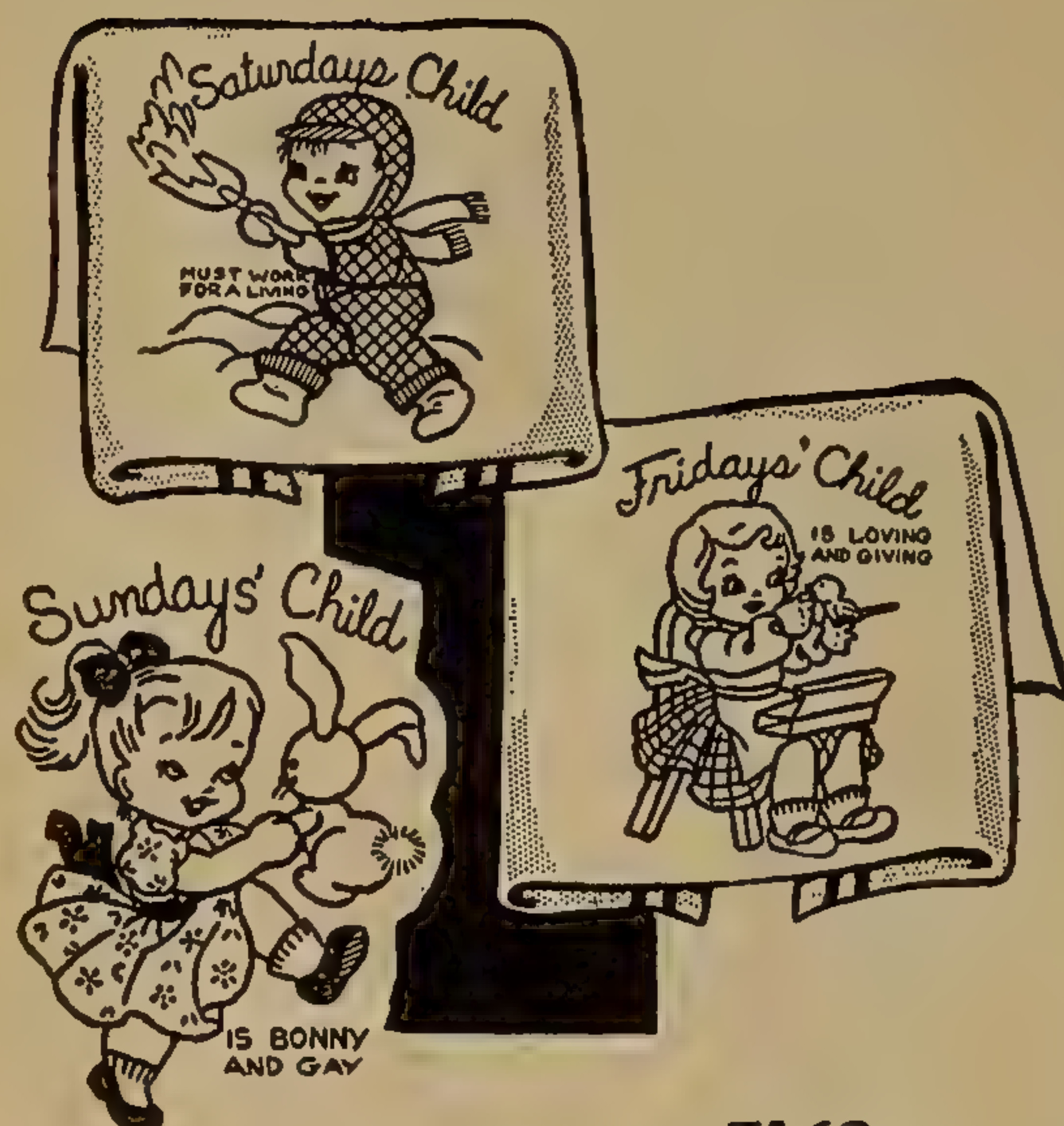
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7080



601



7163

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534



7302

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Jeannie With the Bright Red Hair

(Continued from page 41)

hair, blue eyes—Jeannie, red hair, blue eyes. She'll look great on color TV.

Trying to separate Jeannie Carson from Jeannie MacLennan (the part she plays on *Hey, Jeannie!*) is like trying to separate "fish 'n' chips." The series deals with the adventures and misadventures of a pert Scotch lass who has recently arrived in America from Dunfermline. It's a hand-in-glove thing for Jeannie. She has a cute Scotch brogue as musical and authentic as a Highlander's bagpipe.

I have known Jeannie ever since I was thirteen. My parents owned the Reads Park Hotel in Blackpool, England. A number of theatrical people stopped there, and one season Jeannie and her parents came to stay with us.

Jeannie and I became great pals straight away. Jeannie ate in our family dining room (our other guests ate in a larger dining room on the other side of the kitchen). As young girls we were both great eaters and loved my mother's English dinners—roast beef and Yorkshire pudding and the wonderful stews our cook made. But Jeannie liked "fish 'n' chips" best (even then she didn't have to watch her weight). Today, cooking is one of Jeannie's hobbies; now she likes steak and French fried potatoes. She puts vinegar and salt on her French fries, as most English do.

That summer at Blackpool Jeannie told me about her life in the theater—her sole training for the career she dreamed of consisted of watching her parents perform. Her father, Peter Hardy, was a widely known comedian and theatrical writer, and her mother, Netta, a singer. Jeannie was a fixture backstage at nearly every theater in England and Scotland. She loved the life and yearned someday to be warmed by the footlights, too. But her father never encouraged her to seek a theatrical career.

Through the years that followed, Jeannie's uphill climb to stardom was long and arduous. She worked first (simply to make a living) as a hotel maid, a children's nurse, and an usherette in a cinema. Though the jobs with their routine palled on her, at least working in a theater as an usherette made Jeannie feel she was a little closer to her goal.

Finally, taking her courage in her hands, Jeannie went to another theater, lied to the manager about her age and, telling him she was over eighteen, won a place in the chorus—at the end of the line, where her diminutive five feet two and a half inches quite naturally placed her.

Still only fifteen years old, Jeannie auditioned for the British version of the USO, but her eagerness almost ended in catastrophe: Jeannie had decided to sing, "The Fleet's in Port Again," and to be properly outfitted had borrowed bell-bottom trousers, navy top and a Jack Tar's cap from a sailor, on leave, who lived next door to her apartment. The top proved too big—Jeannie changed it for a Girl Guide's (Girl Scout) uniform. The difference in size should have been a warning—but it wasn't—half way through the number her trousers began to slide down. In trying to rescue them, her cap popped off, too, and Jeannie fled the stage in tears.

But as she sat in her dressing room, the producer knocked on the door, telling her he had decided to take a chance on her ability as a singer, dancer—and comedienne. Jeannie was hired as the company's new soubrette.

The one-night stands . . . entertaining troops all over the British Isles . . . flying in worn-out bombers and landing on dangerously pock-marked airfields . . . hop-

ping from plane to stage in order to turn on the glamour for the war-weary troops . . . it was a hard and tough training period.

At war's end, Jeannie was working in a string of what she called "very second rate theaters," in a variety act which she had written herself. And the name of Jeannie Hardy was still unknown to the world at large. Jeannie hoped that if she changed her name, she might change her luck.

One day while riding a bus through Croydon, she spied the name Carson over a prosperous looking shop. So important had it become to find a new name for herself that she immediately decided to adopt Carson as her surname. She says, "It seemed to have brought those Carsons good times—if it was good enough for them, then it was good enough for me. And Jeannie Carson I became."

The stunt worked—in fact, it had a double-barrelled reaction: Jeannie made her West End debut in London in two theaters at the same time—she was understudying for star Pat Kirkwood at the Hippodrome at the same time she was doing a show at the Palladium. Then suddenly Pat became ill and, with only one rehearsal, Jeannie filled in. She spent the remainder of the show's run flying across town in a cab changing her costume en-route (for her Palladium sketch with Tommy Trinder), and flying back again for the finale at the Hippodrome.

But back to an earlier time—after we met, Jeannie and I did a show together called "Cocoanut Grove" at the Hippodrome in Blackpool. We did three seasons there—that means twelve weeks out of the year, three years running, but every season it was a different show. Jeannie sang and danced—she was a regular musical comedy star and I was studying ballet.

My parents' hotel had fourteen bedrooms, a giant kitchen, two dining rooms and a great garden with mountains of flowers and one big oak tree under which Jeannie and I rehearsed. Since I was in ballet, I taught Jeannie the steps I knew, and she taught me the tap steps she knew. I'm sure we were the only English dancers with little bits of acorns in our shoes.

I also remember how Jeannie used to sit under the tree that first season singing her favorite song, "My Bill . . ." After I'd known her for a few months I learned why—she was, as you say in this country, "going steady" with Bill Redmond, whom she later married.

Bill and Jeannie met in Blackpool when she was only eleven years old. He was doing a comedy song-and-dance act on the same bill as her father. Jeannie told me once that even at the tender age of eleven, when she first spied Bill's lanky frame, blue eyes and dark hair, for her it was love at first sight. But when her dad introduced them she said, "I was extremely deflated—Bill just patted me on the head."

Even so, she used to stand in the wings proudly telling all the stage hands, "That's Bill Redmond . . . he's a friend of my father's . . ." Jeannie saw Bill's show so many times that she knew it by heart, and as Bill built up his gags she'd whisper the punch lines to the stage manager.

Some years later they met again—this time they were playing summer shows in Blackpool, though in different theaters. Jeannie reported, "Bill remembered meeting me—but he didn't pat me on the head this time. Of course I hadn't forgotten him for one day!"

Bill and Jeannie went together for several years. I knew that she was crazy about him—during the summers when she stayed with us at the Hotel, whenever she re-

ceived one of his letters, she'd answer it immediately. And whenever Bill had a chance, he came to visit and they went out walking. You could tell from the way they held hands they were in love.

In 1949 Jeannie and Bill were married in London's Registry Office (which is the same as your City Hall). It was a spur of the moment thing—and a fast moving morning: Bill picked Jeannie up in a cab, drove to the Registry, where they realized suddenly that in their haste they had forgotten to arrange for witnesses. A photographer and reporter standing by served the purpose. After the ceremony, Bill took Jeannie to his house, moved her bags across town, and then went off to the theater to work. They never had a honeymoon.

But going back to our early teens together—besides working together during the summer, Jeannie and I spent all our days together, too: We'd have our morning coffee at the Savoy (a big restaurant on the promenade where theatrical people met), then we'd go shopping, have lunch out, followed by more shopping. Finally, we returned home, where we washed and then dashed off to the theater for our first show at half past-six.

After three seasons of shows in Blackpool and eight-week winter seasons doing Christmas pantomime, Jeannie and I went down to London where she starred in a "Latin Quarter" review at the Casino Theater in the Soho district and I danced at the Follies Bergere.

Our schedule in London was similar to our schedule in Blackpool—but because there were more stores we did more shopping. Jeannie used to make me laugh. In fact, she made the whole store laugh. When we entered, she always headed first for the hat counter, where she proceeded to try on every style available. She'd put them on at any angle and, cocking her head to one side, she'd ask, "I say, does this make me look the fair lady?"

In between the Latin Quarter shows, I danced in additional eight-week pantomime shows in both Scotland and Liverpool. And Jeannie, after her Palladium-Hippodrome stunt, took up almost permanent residence at the London Casino, playing two "Latin Quarter" leads. She was also in Noel Coward's "Ace of Clubs" at the Cambridge Theater.

From that she went into "Love From Judy," the English stage version of "Daddy Long Legs." Jeannie had always been modest about her own abilities, and when she opened she wasn't at all positive she could carry it off. In fact, she told me later that during the first half of "Love From Judy" she felt she was dying on her feet—the audience was absolutely hushed and gave up no reaction. But after the first act a note came back to her dressing room which read, "Absolutely star quality, my dear." It was signed, "Noel Coward." And the critics, next morning, said, "We have just seen the greatest first night in twenty-five years of theater history . . ." The audience's quiet that Jeannie had felt was one of admiration not displeasure. She took fourteen curtain calls, tearful and speechless. The show ran two years at the Saville Theater, breaking all house records.

The stage role led to a five-year motion picture contract with Britain's J. Arthur Rank. Jeannie will complete it at the rate of one picture a year. It also brought her to the United States in 1955, where she starred in a series of Max Liebman spectacles. The spectacles brought her the *Hey, Jeannie!* series.

Jeannie and I were separated in 1952

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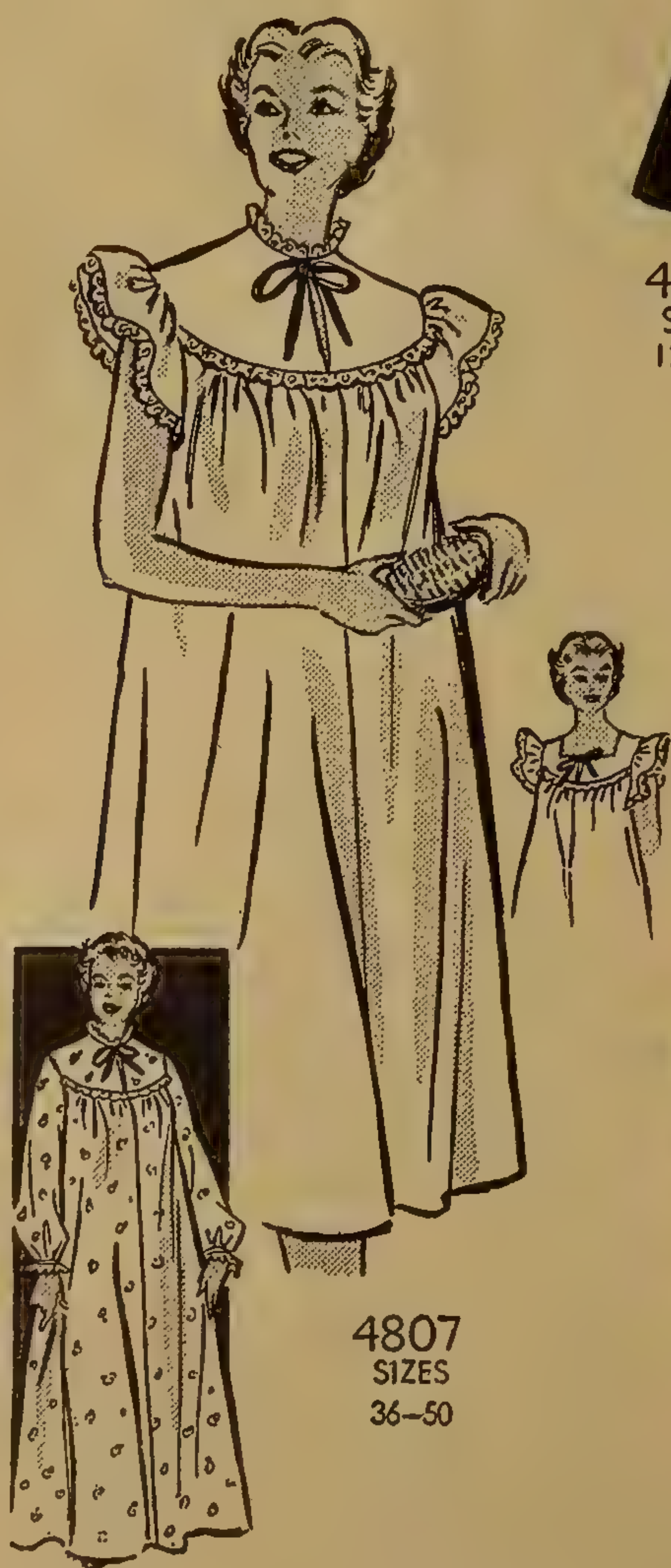
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when I came to the States. But we wrote to one another faithfully. Then a year ago, when she arrived in New York, I immediately went down to the Statler Hotel to meet her. She wanted to know all about New York and what I thought of the States, and I asked about London. She hadn't changed, except that she had lost weight and now had short hair. But for that matter, so had I.

When Jeannie and her husband went to Hollywood to film the *Hey, Jeannie!* series for CBS, Jeannie was thrilled with three things: The climate, the cars, and the highways. Take the climate, for example. In the yard of their Beverly Hills house (which I share with Jeannie and her husband, Bill, associate producer of the series), we have orange and tangerine trees. Jeannie thinks it's marvelous because, as you know, in England there are no orange trees. Just the other day she was writing a letter home to her mother in Brighton and she said, "Oh, we have our marmalade growing right in our own backyard!"

Both of us like to think of those two orange trees as an orchard. In England, where the world seems so diminutive, we think anything over two trees is an orchard. And the front of the house is a veritable forest—hedges and trees hide the house itself from the road. We have great privacy. There is a grand driveway and the large French windows, which you see as you approach, give the house an air of elegance, I think. As you come in the front door, there is a huge sitting room on the right, with a grand piano in one corner and enormous overstuffed chairs. Then the dining room is further along toward the kitchen and patio, which the Redmonds use for barbecues and informal entertaining. Jeannie loves this out-of-doors living and has filled the three upstairs bedroom closets with casual clothes and all the size-five pedal pushers they can hold.

Jeannie is thrilled with the big cars and the giant highways that she finds in Southern California. When she first arrived, wide-eyed, she compared them to the two-way lanes in England. And she was amazed at the size of the cars. When a big sedan went by us on the highway (though we were sitting in one ourselves) she'd exclaim, "Why, there goes a regular locomotive!"

The only real day for relaxation is Sunday, for she is up at 6:00 A.M. weekdays in order to be in the studio by 7:30 for make-up. She sometimes works until the following 2:00 A.M. filming the series. Mr. Charlie Isaacs, her producer says, "Jeannie is a great gal for pitching in the way she does—there aren't many Hollywood stars who are willing to do close-ups at two o'clock in the morning." And silent star Jack Mulhall said about her late-hour brightness, "Even at 1:00 A.M. Jeannie is as refreshing as a breeze from the English Channel."

As humorous as Jeannie is, she is also sentimental. Take her wedding ring, for example. It's the only piece of jewelry that she wears, though you'll never see it on your TV screen. When she works, Jeannie takes her wedding band off and pins it to the inside of her blouse. She'd never think of putting it away with her other jewelry.

Bill has often told me that when he and Jeannie were in England, she used to make him take her on the rounds of the pet shops. If she saw any puppies or small dogs who were being picked on or, because they were small, being sat on by the larger dogs, she'd buy them and take them home. Jeannie literally was for the "underdog."

Then proceeded a program of brushing, grooming, and even eye-dropper feeding. Bill reports that the funniest sight he's ever seen took place one day when he came in from work to find Jeannie sitting in the

middle of the floor brushing a puppy's teeth with toothpaste. Finally, after putting the poor little pups back on their feet, Jeannie would give them away to her friends as gifts and go out looking for another that needed her attention.

Speaking of Bill, I'd like to say that he and Jeannie have a wonderful relationship—it's more than love. Both have such a great sense of humor, one keeps the other laughing. And they don't make great demands of one another—both Jeannie and Bill work awfully hard, he as her manager and associate producer on the show. So, when they come in after the day's work, they are happy to sit down to a home cooked meal, watch TV, take in an infrequent movie, or go for a drive—in short, they enjoy the simple pleasures.

Though Jeannie is tiny, she has a strong constitution; but there are times when the work breaks down her resistance and she comes down with a cold—that's when Bill is especially thoughtful and considerate. Jeannie behaves like a brave little doll, still trying to smile to keep Bill laughing. And he'll insist on taking dinner to her room, saying he merely wants to keep her company, but it's really his way of protecting and looking after her so that she isn't up and around when she should be resting.

On the other hand, Bill can be quite the autocrat—since he's Jeannie's manager, that is his prerogative. At the breakfast table, for example, he can be heard saying, "I wouldn't eat too much of that toast and jam if I were you, but do eat all the eggs you want." . . . Bill is definitely a man of firm conviction—before he and Jeannie were married, he wanted to see Australia. He had just enough money for a one-way passage, and without a cent in his pocket or any prospect of a job, off he went. Within hours after landing he had his job—and after his interest in Australia was satisfied, he returned home. Today, after twelve years in vaudeville, six years in the RAF, and four years of producing-directing-writing-cutting his own feature pictures (with three friends in England, under the banner, "Tempeau Productions"), Bill has devoted his future to Jeannie—wrote and directed all of her television shows in England, and now is associate producer of the *Hey, Jeannie!* series.

Jeannie's main ambition, on the other hand, is to have six children. I don't know what Bill's attitude on this is. One way or another, since they both think first of one another's interests, I imagine some sort of a compromise will be met on this issue.

Jeannie is very thoughtful of others. Whenever we go shopping (as we still do frequently) and she sees something in the window that she likes, she will think of others before herself. For example, her sister-in-law, Jane, looks good in pearl costume jewelry. When Jeannie sees something unique with pearls, she'll exclaim, "Oh, how nice that will be for Jane!" And even though sending tweed suits to England is like shipping coals to Newcastle, she knows her mother likes tweeds. Whenever she sees an especially smart suit in a shop window, she'll say, "That will be perfect for Mother," and pops in to send it off. Or Jeannie and I, who wear the same size and styles, have often been out together when suddenly she spies a blouse that will look good on either of us. But she thinks of me before herself, saying, "Oh, June bug, how nice that will look on you."

This thoughtfulness is just one of the many nice things that make Jeannie my best friend. I've known and loved her generosity and sweetness since I was thirteen. Now that she comes into your living rooms each week, I know that you will come to love her, too.

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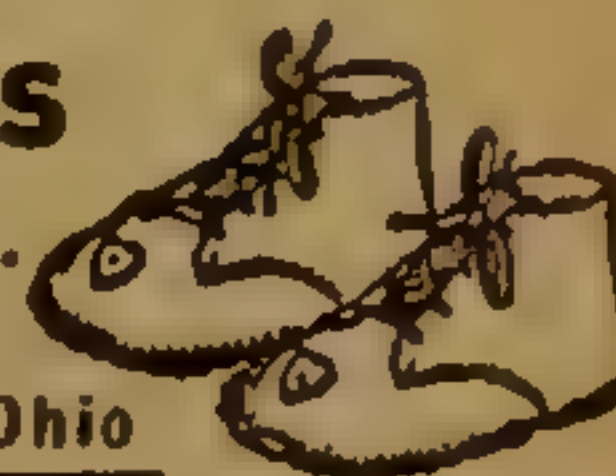
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CAN I HELP



By JOAN DAVIS
of "When A Girl Marries"

IF YOU HAVE a problem you can't discuss with somebody close to you, TV RADIO MIRROR offers the opportunity to "talk things over" with Joan Davis on these pages. Joan, who is Mary Jane Higby in private life, has long proved a wise and sympathetic friend to ABC Radio listeners in the daily course of *When A Girl Marries*, and she's often received letters asking for advice on personal problems. We hope that her suggested solutions to the problems printed here may be of help to many readers. Letters cannot be returned or answered personally by mail, but if you wish to write to Joan, your letter may be among those answered each month. Address letters to Joan Davis, TV RADIO MIRROR, Box 1719, Grand Central Station, N. Y. 17, N. Y.

Dear Joan Davis:

Last year I married a man with whom I am still terribly in love, though there is so much against it that I wonder now if I haven't made a big mistake. He is forty-two, and has many responsibilities—a mother whom he has always supported and who lives with us, and a sixteen-year-old son from his first marriage—which broke up because of his wife's drinking. Danny, my stepson, lives with his mother, but spends summers with us, since we can afford to give him a real vacation, and in some ways my husband is more attached to him than most fathers to their sons. I understood this from the first, and was eager to share Bill's love for Danny, but the boy plainly hates me. Before I was married, his mother came to see me and warned me that I could never destroy Bill's love for his son. Danny has caught her hatred and resentment, and I feel powerless to do much about it.

There is also my husband's mother, a sweet and fine person, who seems unable to forget his first marriage. She keeps telling me about it, all the mistakes they made, how much better off Bill is with me—but naturally this just keeps the past alive. But worst of all is that Bill himself is becoming very depressed and withdrawn. He is not happy as he was when we first began planning our marriage. I cannot reach him and I am afraid. Is my marriage heading for failure?

J. L. W.

Dear J. L. W.:

Aren't you giving up before you've started? A fear of disaster is one of the surest ways I know to bring it on. Try to concentrate on those days before your marriage when Bill was courting you. What were the positive, happy things that drew you together? In other words, it seems plain to me that a man who has weathered such a bitter experience would not marry again unless he were not only determined to make a fresh, happy life for himself, but fairly certain he had found the woman to help him do it.

You are not supposed to be patching up an old house, but building a new one. Let your mother-in-law know, tactfully but firmly, that

as far as you are concerned the past is past.

If your stepson continues to dislike you, it will certainly be unpleasant—but it need not be tragic. No one can deny the difficulty of your position, but remember that the boy has his own severe problem. If you can manage to treat him casually, with an off-hand friendliness that makes no emotional demands on him, you may eventually win an easier relationship. I suspect loyalty to his mother would make it impossible for him to feel any affection for you. It is one area where you will, I think, have to resign yourself to compromise—a vital, important part of your husband's life that you can share only on the surface. In any case, a boy of sixteen is well on his way to a life of his own. As new interests absorb him, he may be willing enough to slip from under the burden of resentment he may have caught from his mother and into the easier, undemanding friendship you can offer if you are wise.

But, chiefly, I think your own imagination and energy must go to work for you. Find some way of getting your husband to think and plan for your marriage. The best way, of course, would be a family of your own, but this may or may not be in your vision of the future. A really vital new hobby or interest might do it; new friends, perhaps. If there's any way the two of you can take a holiday together, by all means find it! Basically, I think you must turn your face from the past before you can succeed in turning your husband's. It was the future he was thinking of when he fell in love with you. Don't you be the one to forget it!

Dear Joan Davis:

I have a sister ten years younger. When she was only sixteen, she got into trouble with a married man who left town right away. I blamed myself because I had not given too much attention to the way Marie was going on, and she was not and never has been really a bad girl. But with my husband's help and understanding we worked it out at the time so nobody knew, going away from home to "visit." When we came back, the little girl was considered ours, my husband's and mine. But now my sister has just

married a fine young man and everything is falling to pieces. She is terrified of losing him and has pleaded with me desperately to keep her secret forever, and truthfully it would break my heart to give up calling six-year-old Marian my own and give her away to her real mother. But my husband feels very strongly that the child should be with her real mother. He loves Marian as much as I do, and it seems as if I cannot have any children of my own. I have begged and pleaded but he seems bent on telling the truth.

Mrs. O. B.

Dear Mrs. O. B.:

Your husband appears to be a man with a strong belief that there is no substitute for truth, and I have a profound respect for this conviction. You describe your sister's husband as a "fine young man"; if he really is so, it seems unlikely that he will allow a mistake, made so long ago, to wreck this promising marriage. From this point of view, I feel your sister's desperation is somewhat hysterical. If you can calm her fears, perhaps you can make her see that love, faith and trust must be more than mere words, if her marriage is to succeed.

However, your sister and her marriage take second place to the one most urgent necessity—the absolute responsibility of everyone concerned to safeguard the child's well-being. And here is where I think your husband is being perhaps too rigid in his conception of what the truth really is. When you and your sister returned to town with the infant, she became yours—in the same way an adopted child becomes genuinely the child of its adoptive parents. A child is not a parcel to be shunted about, and I am sure your husband cannot have considered this aspect of the situation too carefully. Apart from your suffering and his own if you were to give her up—what of the child's bewilderment? This, in addition to the fairly obvious fact that your sister does not want the child and you passionately do, makes your home so much more desirable for her.

However, he is your husband, the partner in your marriage, and in point of law the child is not yours. Without your husband's full, loving cooperation, you can do nothing but insist that Marian go to your sister. If this should happen,

YOU?

you must remember that, no matter what your heartache, you are no longer Marian's mother but her aunt. Love, understanding, help—those you can give in any measure. But if you try to retain the child's primary loyalty and love—instead of consciously taking second place—you will have yourself to reproach for her increased confusion in a profoundly upsetting situation.

Dear Joan Davis:

I have done a foolish thing, and I am in two minds over whether my husband has to know about it. I was brought up to believe that there can be no love where there is not complete honesty, and I have hardly been able to sleep lately, worrying over what to do. The only job I ever had before I got married was in an office working with a very attractive man, a bachelor, who used to talk to me about his troubles with women. I guess I was flattered because he was a bit older and seemed very sophisticated, and I was pleased at his seeming to seek my advice. After my marriage, he called up one day and invited me out to lunch, and I went and had a very good time. I told my husband about it, and the whole thing passed off as a joke—I don't think my husband gave it a thought afterwards. But I never told him that this man phoned me several times afterward and I went out with him—always to lunch, in places where anyone might have seen us. It was all perfectly innocent and he talked to me in the same way—as though I were a sister or a very old friend. But then, to my astonishment, the last time I saw him, he changed. He held my hand and said all kinds of things about his feelings for me, and I could hardly believe my ears or get away fast enough, I was so confused and mortified. Of course I have never seen him since then, nor would even talk to him on the phone. But I felt like such a complete fool because it seemed he thought all along I understood why he was taking me out. The thing is, must I tell my husband? It is terribly on my conscience, and yet I don't know just why.

P. V.

Dear P. V.:

If it's on your conscience, P. V., why not just let it stay there for a while? Put it down to growing pains and thank your lucky stars that you were able to remove yourself gracefully from a situation that might have become unpleasant. Why bother your husband with something that might annoy him out of all proportion to its real importance? There is really nothing wrong in having lunch with an old acquaintance, and I imagine what bothers you is not a fear that you were guilty of something wrong but the humiliation of realizing that your understanding of human nature fell a bit short of perfect. As you say, you feel a bit foolish, but don't all of us now and then—and isn't this healthy? Someday when it's far in the past, you can tell your husband, if you like, making it the joke that it really is. But if you don't want to, just file it away in the "Lessons Learned" department—and forget it.

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To Susan With Love

(Continued from page 43)

standing between Virginia and her own daughter, Susan, fourteen years old this November 13. "Although I could not help but be fond of Jada for her own sake," Virginia explains, "I doubt that I could have such a completely natural, easy relationship with a girl of her age if it were not for my own daughter. Through Susan, I understand all young girls better. Jada and I have serious discussions, we play, we laugh together at our own little private jokes. All of this has been helped along by my Susan, in spite of the fact that the two girls know each other only slightly, because we moved from New York to a small town in Connecticut a few years ago, and Susan comes to the city and the studio very seldom."

Virginia is a chic, auburn-haired, brown-eyed woman, a slender five feet four and a half inches of determination and ambition for her child's happiness, yet with a femininity and softness that belie her realistic and uncompromising approach to living, to the responsibilities of a job and of a teen-age daughter. Susan, very pretty and now almost as tall as her mother, has light brown hair and blue eyes. "Lovely, wistful eyes," her mother says.

Because of Susan, and the life Virginia has wanted her little girl to have, Virginia puts in a much longer working day than she would otherwise. She commutes well over an hour by train to New York for morning rehearsals and returns home after the late afternoon broadcast to have dinner and spend the evening with her child. But it's more than worthwhile to Virginia, who says, "After spending the first twelve years of her life in the heart of New York, I wanted Susan to have the things a smaller town can give a child."

"A working mother in a big city has to put her child under the constant supervision of someone else, even during her playtime. I was worried that Susan wasn't having enough freedom to grow. Now she is still under the supervision of our fine housekeeper, Helen, when I'm away. But she can go off on her bike, stop at the library, join the other children at the soda shop or in somebody's yard, go to the movies with the other girls.

She leads the kind of partially independent life a teenager requires, without being constantly watched and worried over. Her father and I have both wanted this kind of life for her."

Their house is pleasantly compact, with a nice yard of its own, on a little street where there are only a few other houses. Susan's room has twin beds, one always in readiness for any special girlfriend who wants to stay overnight. This is her private retreat, strewn with the things that interest her at the moment, the stacks of favorite records, homework notes, piles of library books. The record player—"the most useful present she ever got," according to Susan's mother—plays mostly rock 'n' roll these days, long and loud, but there's a good collection of jazz and all the other pop stuff, due to the fact that both her father and her mother have always liked and collected it.

If her mother's career as an actress, star of an important television drama, means anything to Susan at this point, it is kept in the background. Right now she is just "Mother," who tries to be "handy" and go places with Susan on weekends, and who is just as willing to remain discretely in the background if plans don't include her. "Be there, but don't be in the way," Virginia sums up her role.

"From Friday afternoon until Monday morning, we're together whenever Susan's social schedule permits. It's certainly much more crowded than mine. Besides her school work, her choral group, the work with the junior branch of the Ground Observer Corps, the dates and the parties, she has friends she simply must see every day to talk over all the things that have been happening. It's all she can do at times to fit me in at all!

"Helen is away over the weekends, so Susan and I do a minimum of work in the house, but whatever must be done we do together. Like all teenagers, housework and cooking, as such, aren't particularly interesting to Susan, except when it's a special project, like baking for a church cake sale or whipping up a batch of fudge for junior Observers to munch on happily as they scan the heavens for enemy aircraft. Yet Susan may get up early to clear away the dishes we had to leave the night before, and have the kitchen

spic and span before she hurries off to church Sunday morning, without even being asked to do this. I find that teenagers have this delightfully unexpected way of ducking things you want them to do—and then surprising you by being thoughtful and kind about some disagreeable task—and Susan runs true to form."

Actually, as Virginia Dwyer sees it, these are the best years of all for building a happy and healthy mother-daughter relationship. "Mothers have to try to remember their own adolescent years, and how they felt. They have to remember their own insecurities, and the need for encouragement and understanding, although the adolescent of today seems to me to be far more mature than we were. I have always felt sad that Susan has no brother or sister. I had both. Our house was filled with boys most of the time, yet I can't remember having half the ease and directness with them that Susan and her friends have now.

"I had forgotten, too, what close and confidential companionships there are between girls of that age, the long discussions of problems, the sense of sympathy between them. Susan and her friends made me remember an incident of my own early teens, the boy on whom I had a tremendous crush—who, alas, had a tremendous crush on my best girlfriend. How she actually wept with sympathy for me, because he liked her better.

When we found it necessary to retreat into our own private world, we wrote our innermost secrets in our diaries. My mother has given Susan the diary I kept at thirteen, and it made me a little self-conscious at first," Virginia smiles. "But, reading it now, I can laugh at some of the entries. There are pages that express dissatisfaction with my whole family! My brother refused to take me along with him. My sister and I had quarreled over some possession. My father was too busy to talk to me this morning. Then the last paragraph would have a change of mood, a hint of all the interesting things that were happening.

"I remind my friends, parents of teenagers, how natural to adolescence are these moments of hostility and bitterness—but how quickly forgotten, if we don't make too much of them at the time. And I remind myself, too, when my own Susan seems supersensitive and upset. I suppose that this is the one thing that throws most mothers, however, as it very nearly did me once when Susan was a little younger. I lost my temper one morning over something she did, and then she got upset and angry. She got on her bike and rode away, with hardly a goodbye. I was so worried about her going off in that mood. In fifteen minutes she was back, calm as could be, saying, 'Mom, did you see where I put that book I got from the library yesterday?' There I was, still shaken and upset, but my daughter was reacting in a perfectly normal way. We had talked it out and she had shown her displeasure at my decision, and then she had gone off by herself, worked off her own feelings of resentment, and came back without rancor, expecting none on my part.

"If I had not known it before," Virginia says, "I discovered that day how important it is to remember that your child doesn't love you one iota less, even when she seems most rebellious, and that you must show her you don't love her any less, no matter what words pass between you. It seems perfectly natural for parents to be hurt by a child's seem-

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ing rebellion and rejection, but we adults have to remind ourselves that the time comes when the child needs to be an independent person. This is part of achieving that independence. We know the urge towards freedom and maturity must be kept within safe bounds, for the child's own protection, but the child doesn't realize that—yet. Just to know that our influence is being felt, that they like some of the people we admire, too, is encouragement for us.

"When Susan stands up for some of the issues and ideas I believe in, and have taught her to believe in, I know I have made more of an impression than I realized. I have no wish to make my daughter a replica of myself, but I could no more help influencing her in the ways I feel are right than any other parent who loves a child.

"When she first began to retreat into her own private world, into the world of confidences with her friends, and into the world of her own thoughts," Virginia recalls, "I sometimes felt that I had lost her, as many mothers have felt before me. Then I realized that this is not loss, but the beginning of learning to surrender the child, of being mature enough ourselves to free the child. Actually, Susan's companionship at this age-level is more interesting and exciting than ever before."

Susan is still a gregarious girl, not for one moment giving up what her mother teasingly calls her "Elsa Maxwell-Perle Mesta party-giving role." She loves to arrange parties and outings. She plans things that will not only be fun for her, but for her friends, and Virginia approves of this. However, Virginia adds, "Although I know some of the youngsters begin to 'go steady' at Susan's age, I have discouraged this completely. She must wait a few years, and she understands my point of view. We encourage the children to go out in groups, and that's really what Susan likes. But I admit that sometimes we mothers are rather helpless in the face of that phrase, 'But all the other kids' mothers let them do it.'"

The questions of allowances, of clothes and make-up have all come up. About allowances, Virginia says: "Susan has difficulty keeping within her budget, but she is learning judgment in spending, so we feel we are making progress." About make-up: "Every once in a while, lipstick goes on enough to show!" About shopping for clothes: "This comes under the heading of fun, mostly, especially when lunch out is included. There is always something needed, new shoes, a blouse, a skirt. Susan and I have no real conflict here, although I realize that in some families this is the source of bitter feelings. The child wants the mother to like what she buys, the mother doesn't want to impose her judgment too strongly, but they are worlds apart in what they think is correct. Susan and I are not. Sometimes she is attracted to clothes I think are unsuitable. I pick something that doesn't appeal to her. Eventually we find perhaps the one thing she loves and I at least like, and we both leave the store happy. Sometimes there is compromise, often complete accord.

"I object to her wearing heels that are too high, feeling high heels should be reserved for special occasions. But she has to learn the fitness of things and make a few of her own mistakes. There can't be a full set of rules and regulations for everything. It's the same about her hair. I let her come into New York to have her hair done, early in the summer, and found her dressing for a party later, wearing a very short haircut and really bewitching bangs. 'Oh, is that the way Pierre decided to do your hair?' I commented. 'I

like it.' Susan smiled at my ignorance. 'It was all limp by the time I got on the train to come home, so I just took the nail scissors when I got here and cut it all off,' she said sweetly."

Acting as chauffeur for a teenager too young for a license is all to the good, as far as Virginia Dwyer is concerned. "It keeps me close to the kids, and I enjoy it. Sometimes I'm merely the chauffeur, sometimes I'm allowed to participate a little—within bounds, of course. We went—six of Susan's friends and I—to an amusement park, and I was afraid I wasn't being a good sport by keeping off the rides. I soon found out, however, that I belonged in a separate section. The thrills and chills of the swooping curves and daring dives formed a magic circle that only teenagers could appreciate *en masse*, and I was supposed to take mine more sedately."

For Virginia's own social life, there is dinner in New York and an evening at the theater, or a visit with friends in the city, about once a week. She also does some visiting and partying in the home community on weekends, if it doesn't interfere with Susan's plans. Many television and radio performers live in the same or near-by towns... hard-working people who, like Virginia, have to study their scripts most week-nights and are glad to have weekends to spend with their families. The Don MacLaughlins (he's in *As The World Turns*) are fairly near neighbors, for instance. "It's strictly the kind of social life that depends on what the children do. If they are taken care of for a while, you call up and see if your friends are at home, or they come to your house. Maybe once a month there's a planned party of some kind, but mostly it's completely casual."

Virginia has been an actress ever since she left college, although at one time she hoped to follow in the footsteps of her doctor father, or to become a child psychologist. And she is happy that, at this point, Susan shows an interest in science and psychology. Virginia herself is perfectly happy playing Jane Edwards on *The Secret Storm*. "Jane has a kind of warmth and charm that combine to make her a very exciting character, and still a woman with great maternal feeling. I find her easy to play, easy to identify myself with."

Returning to her daughter, Virginia remembers that "As a child about Susan's age, I used to sneak out of my room and lean over the banister to watch my parents' parties. It was a more formal day than the present, and I loved to see the women and men in evening clothes. I was always fearful that this was a world which would vanish and be gone forever by the time I grew up. In a way it was. In a way it did. . . . Now, I am once more leaning over the banister, to watch the children jitterbugging in the living room below. Of course, they are very polite to me, but it's not my party, any more than my parents' party could be mine. I must have my own, I must seek my own level. Very soon, I must create my own life, and let my daughter create hers.

"For the moment, this is a time of contradictions for her, of well-turned phrases followed by terribly slangy speech; of almost adult perception and understanding at times, and casual indifference at others; of quick sympathies and great affection for me, and quick storms of resentment. But always there is love between us, underlying everything.

"I think it is the best of all possible times in our fourteen years together," Virginia says happily. "And it gets better all the time! These teen-age years are just wonderful."

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Back Home Again in Indiana

(Continued from page 27)

Robert M. Lewis, sharing a rich, creative life with the man she loved. During the past months, she'd had the rewarding experience of being that other girl—Roberta Wilcox—on TV. Through all this, she had grown and developed. But it had all begun in her home town, with the help of those wonderful home-town people.

People like Clarence Elbert. Betty had been about thirteen when she joined the choir of the Trinity Evangelical Lutheran Church in downtown Indianapolis. Clarence Elbert directed the choir, one of the city's finest church groups, and he also headed Indianapolis's famous male chorus, the Maennerchor. How well Betty remembered the hours of rehearsal in the old church, the Sunday mornings when she stood up with the others to join in the beautiful music, the times when her voice was proudly raised alone. . . . Then one of the most exciting events of her life: Her "professional" debut as guest soloist with the Maennerchor. With Clarence Elbert conducting, the fifteen-year-old girl had stood up—to sing Schubert's "Omnipotence."

And all the other people who had wanted to help. . . . Mrs. Solomon, who had lived next door when Betty June was an eight-year-old with flying blond pig-tails and a passion for riding her bicycle—and lifting her voice in an outburst of song, as she rode up and down the driveway which separated the two houses. "Where does such a little girl get such a big voice?" Mrs. Solomon would call out to her from the kitchen window . . . and one day she had spoken to Betty's mother, who worked during the day and had not often heard these impromptu concerts: "Mrs. Oakes, I really must tell you something. You should listen to Betty June when she sings. Your daughter has an unusual voice." Betty's mother had listened, and had realized that her child had a voice which deserved training.

So many good people. . . . Mrs. Dema Lewis, with her booming Texas voice, who had known Betty since she was two and had been there every single time she sang—who had two children of her own, and treated Betty as the third . . . Mrs. Howard Clippinger, who directed the Shortridge High School Glee Club—and would never forget Betty June Oakes singing the Lord's Prayer before a hushed assemblage of 2,000 students in her high-school farewell . . . Mrs. Nell Merrick Thomas, who had originated the big annual "Junior Vaudeville" at Shortridge—and would always remember Betty as one of the most talented of the many students who appeared in her productions . . . Mrs. Henriette Kothe Matkin, whose daughter was Betty's classmate, and who had taken her to symphony concerts.

Yes, her home town meant people like Jane Hampson, who had been her voice teacher and would always be her friend . . . like Jack Hatfield, who had picked her out when she was fourteen to take a leading role in the play he was directing for the Civic Theater that year. This summer, he directed her again, at the new Theatron.

Her home town also meant her childhood friends, the boys and girls she had gone to school with, had fun with, grown up with, shared her dreams with . . . like Rosemary Walker and Jeanny Trulock and Ann Rutledge, Barney Landman and Tommy Wadelton. She and Rosemary and Jeanny had been members of a very special social club in high school. It was called W.I.T.C.H., which was supposed to be very wicked, and no member was ever

to tell what those five initials stood for.

And Barney Landman. He was the boy next door, and he had taken her to her first formal. He had walked her to school and been her protector. Once he'd had his two front teeth knocked out in a fight over her. . . . Then, even before that, Tommy Wadelton, a very special first boyfriend. She had seen him every day of her life that year she was fourteen. Talented Tommy, a gifted writer and now a brilliant photographer. They had stopped "going steady," but they never stopped pulling for each other as the years went by.

It had been a wonderful time. There had been friends and fun, and there had been the singing and the studying. Always the studying. Always the golden voice and the dream of glory. When high school was finished, Betty really began to concentrate on her voice. Instead of going on to college, she became a student at the Raisa-Rimini School of Opera in Chicago.

She only came home on weekends, and then she would be with Jane Hampson most of the time, going over scores. She was nineteen years old and she knew what she wanted. . . . Then something happened. At first, it didn't seem so important—a chance meeting, a suggestion, some advice to think about. Betty June met a man named Robert M. Lewis, who was and is a vocal coach of considerable standing. . . . "Looking back now," says Betty, "it all seems pretty romantic. But, right then and there, my mind wasn't on romance."

She was home from Chicago that weekend. It was during the summer and the Starlight Musical company, similar to the one she was with last summer, was putting on "Naughty Marietta." During the intermission, she noticed Jane Hampson who called her over to meet Robert Lewis, who was in Indianapolis to coach Edith Fellows, the operetta's star.

Mr. Lewis was the soul of courtesy. "I would like very much to hear you sing," he told Betty, "if there is time. . . ."

Betty was prompt with her reply: "I think tomorrow would be just fine."

The next day, Betty and her mother were at the Marott Hotel, where Robert Lewis was staying. He looked with amazement at the music she had brought.

"You are going to sing 'Tosca'?"

"I know the whole score," she answered.

When she was finished, there was a moment's silence, and then Robert spoke very softly: "You know, I am only one musician, and you mustn't go by what I say alone. You have a very lovely voice, but it's a young voice and 'Tosca' calls for a mature woman. Tell me, why haven't you thought of doing musical comedy? I think you would be perfect for it."

If she took his advice, he said, she would come to New York and try her luck. Two months later, Betty and her mother were packing and there was a letter on its way to Robert M. Lewis in New York, saying "We're coming." It had been a hard decision to reach. After the years of concentrating on the goal of grand opera, could she turn away from it suddenly now, before she had even tried? And because of one man's opinion?

And yet, in spite of that, she really had very few doubts. "There was one little thing he said," she recalls. "He said, 'Why do you really want to sing opera?' And, of course, he was right. I didn't really know."

It had been a hard decision to make, and it was hard work once she got there. Right from the beginning, she was taking lessons almost from morning to night. Dancing lessons, and acting lessons, language lessons and voice lessons. Robert

Lewis had undertaken the job of coaching her in singing.

"People think that, because he's my husband, he's naturally prejudiced in my favor," Betty says. "But, believe me, that isn't so. Robert is the toughest critic I've ever had." He drove her and criticized her and made her work her heart out, and she loved it.

"It wasn't like seeing someone on a date now and then," Betty explains. "I got to know him so well because I saw his worst behavior as well as his best." They shared the same interests, they liked the same things. They had become very good friends. One evening, Robert wanted to know something: "Do you think you would ever want to marry me?"

Betty knew why he had said it so uncertainly. He was nineteen years older than she, and that was something to think about. She did think about it. And, a few weeks later, they borrowed a little Austin car, crammed into it all of Bob's cousins they could find, and drove up to Yonkers to be married by a judge.

Life has been moving at a pretty swift pace since then. It has been seven years crammed tight with work and achievement and a thousand and one engrossing interests. Bob is a first-rate photographer and a remarkable cook. Betty knits beautiful dresses and coats, and sews like a professional. The Lewises are wrapped up in music, excited about painting and original works of art. They are in love with travel, and spent a whole year in Europe recently, where Betty sang at servicemen's clubs, with Bob accompanying her, and also made some films.

They live in an apartment which they decorated themselves, situated in the heart of Manhattan, a stone's throw from the new Coliseum. Here Robert has his studio, and here he and Betty work together on the songs she has to prepare for the shows she'll be appearing in. Mrs. Lewis is still his pupil, and a pupil who has done very well from the first. She's had some choice assignments: Understudy and then a lead in "Where's Charley?" with Ray Bolger; the lead in a nationwide tour of "Blossom Time"; stand-by role for Barbara Bel Geddes in "The Moon Is Blue," in which she took over for a while.

Best of all, there is the role of Roberta Wilcox in television's *Valiant Lady*. This is an assignment which Betty especially enjoys, because she finds it a challenge to her ability as an actress. She has been studying acting intensively ever since she came to New York, and now it has become her really big interest. She is studying under Lee Strasberg at the famous Actors' Studio for the second year now. . . . "It's one of the most important things I'm doing," she says, "because it is teaching me how to put real meaning into what I do on the stage, even if I only have a little part. And that's the real thrill."

And a pretty far cry from the daydreams of that little girl in Indianapolis who had wanted to be a grand opera star. Yes, back in her home town last summer, Betty made many discoveries. The discovery of who she really had become. The re-discovery of her past and how much it was part of her present and would be part of her future by virtue of the love and experiences and values she would always take with her.

It was a summer to remember. First of all, standing up before her home-town people and performing for them. She performed leads in "Where's Charley?" and in "Guys and Dolls" at the big open-air theater on the Butler University

campus, and she enjoyed every minute of it. For her, there could never be another audience like this.

It was exciting onstage during the performance, and even more exciting backstage afterwards. Because that's when everyone came—Mrs. Matkin and Mrs. Clippinger, Dema Lewis and Jane Hampson. One night there was a large party of people waiting for her. Clarence Elbert and his wife had come with eight old friends from the choir. Another night, three couples surprised her. Rosemary Walker, now Rosemary Walker Lynch, with two other friends and their husbands.

The Landmans came with Barney's younger brother and his wife, and, of course, Tommy Wadeldon was there taking pictures and kidding as he always had.

One night after the show, she went into Sam's Subway, which is a big delicatessen in Indianapolis, and there were Mr. and Mrs. Solomon waiting for a table. "I always knew you would do it, Betty June," Mrs. Solomon beamed.

There were so many good things to remember . . . being with her mother every minute she could and spending delightful hours at the new home on Lake Patton . . . going back to the Riviera Club, where she used to swim from the time she was just big enough for the baby pool . . . visiting Shortridge High School and seeing her old teachers again . . . staying over with her beloved grandmother at Brownsburg, Indiana. And then, one Sunday, singing with the choir at the Trinity Evangelical Lutheran Church, singing the hymn

which has always been her favorite, "Love Doth Not Fail."

Then, before she knew it, August was over and it was time to say goodby. Return the bicycle she had borrowed to get around town, because she'd never learned to drive a car. Pick up her French poodle, TuTu, from her mother's house. A party with the cast, a last evening with her mother, and a last look at the Betty June Oakes who used to live here.

Betty came back to New York on August 30th, and a few days later was playing the part of Roberta Wilcox in *Valiant Lady* once again. It's a role which has always held a great appeal for her. "I like Roberta, and that's probably one reason why I like playing her," Betty says. "She's a definite, strong character and she stands up for what she believes in."

This year Betty is busier than ever, and more sure of herself than she ever was before. She's down at the Actors' Studio for classes twice a week, and working hard on lessons in jazz dancing, which has opened up a new world of expression to her. Vocal training with coach Robert Lewis continues, of course. So do the many enthusiasms which she and husband Robert Lewis share together.

All these things would be going on, whether she had gone home to Indianapolis last summer or not. But there is a difference. It's the difference that arises from really understanding where you come from and what you're heading towards. And that's what Betty Oakes knows now.

"A Living Doll"

(Continued from page 34)

a bride for two years—she is a reputable cook and an expert housekeeper for her husband, Dr. Vincent J. Merendino, an obstetrician. And she is a good wife in spite of being frequently interrupted by other women's babies.

"Vinnie delivered a baby the day we were married," Betsy recalls. "He delivered three on our first anniversary. On our second anniversary, we were on a plane to Jamaica and so no deliveries."

Betsy has the habit of tugging at her nose, and she tugs as she goes on, "And I'm asked if I mind the life of a doctor's wife. Well, you know he goes out in the middle of the night. Most of the time, I just turn over and go back to sleep. Of course, many times we have been fully dressed to go to a party or to dinner or a show—when the phone rings. So I stay home alone. Do I mind? Truthfully, no. It doesn't bother me, because I'm not mad about going out. I've been in New York since 1951 and I've been to just one night club—the Stork Club, if you call that a 'night club'—and I've been there just once. No, I prefer home to going out."

Their home is a house on top of a house—practically a tree-top house. They live in New York's Greenwich Village, on Washington Square. Their apartment is the top floor of a brownstone building and, when you open the French windows off their living room, you look down into the massive tree tops of the park. The living room is enormous. There is no ceiling, and the roof itself comes to a peak some thirty-five feet above the center of the room. The inside boards of the roof have been painted white, and the heavy beams that cross the room and support the roof are a dark mahogany. There is a balcony over the living room which opens onto a roof terrace. On the main floor, besides the living room, there is a master bedroom, kitchen, and two

small bedrooms. All in all, lots of space.

"To me, it feels more like a house than an apartment, and that's one thing I like about living here," Betsy says. "Of course, it's pretty high up and there's no elevator. When we came up to see it, we got to the third landing and Vinnie said, 'Nothing is worth this much climbing.' I coaxed him on up—and, the instant he got inside the door, he changed his mind."

The furnishings are early American and French provincial. The decorations are old pewter, bits of china and glass. Betsy is a girl who loves old things and admits to being sentimental. There is, for example, a green bottle on a book shelf. It was a gift from the Carlsons of Woodstock, Illinois. When Betsy met them, she was a fledgling actress in winter stock there. She was on her way from the rooming house to rehearsal, when she found a bird badly frozen in the snow. She picked up the bird and carried it to the theater. The watchman suggested she take it over to Elmer Carlson's house. "The Carlsons take care of everything," he said.

So Betsy did, and Mr. Carlson was so pleased with her for rescuing the bird that he dug under the snow in his backyard and presented Betsy with a bouquet of winter violets. Betsy, in turn, was so taken with the Carlsons that she roomed at their home for the remainder of the stay. Betsy makes friends wherever she lives. Her start as an actress was in stock at Lake Geneva, Wisconsin. She roomed with two elderly ladies who became so attached to Betsy that they sent her a one-hundred-year-old porcelain cup and saucer set.

"Betsy is pure gold," Jim Lipton notes. Jim, a star of *The Guiding Light*, has known Betsy for several years. This past summer, when he directed the Westport production of "A Doctor in Spite of Himself," he chose Betsy as his leading lady.

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"Betsy works hard," he says. "Never complains. And she makes friends so easily. I saw an unusual thing happen: The apprentices at the theater—teenagers who worked for room and board and no money—gave Betsy a party and decorated her dressing room with balloons and toy animals. It was a spontaneous tribute to her—and where they got the money for it, I'll never know. But Betsy is lovable. An actor can spot phony warmth in another actor quickly. Betsy is real."

She became an actress almost by chance—for, unlike most girls, she had no desire to act. As a child, she was a tomboy. She loved the outdoors and was great for scouting. In her teens, she was a Scout counselor and then hoped to make scouting a career. This was in East Chicago, Indiana, where she was born. Her father was a chemist and, perhaps, responsible for Betsy's artistic side. He was a man who liked to write and enjoyed theater and opera. As a lad, he had carried a spear in an opera company. That was in Prague, where he was born and raised. He came to the United States on a trip—a graduation gift from his parents—but met the woman who was to be Betsy's mother, married and stayed on. Betsy's mother is an unusual person, too. At the age of twenty-two, she founded the East Chicago Business College and is still its head.

"When I got out of high school," Betsy recalls, "Mother thought I should take the business course. It's always something you can fall back on. So I took the course—but I think she was glad to get rid of me. I couldn't get interested in shorthand. I preferred to take dictation on the typewriter. I really enjoy typing."

Out of business school, Betsy went to work as a stenographer. She remembers, "I liked the work. I was making good money and quite content with my status. But my parents weren't quite satisfied and said, 'Isn't it time you went to college?'" Betsy had been working as a stenographer for a year and a half, and she replied that she was perfectly happy as she was. "Besides," she added, "what would I study? There's nothing I have any particular yen to be." At her parents' insistence, she signed up at the YWCA for a comprehensive, three-day aptitude test. The results showed two things: Personality-wise, she was meant for work where she would associate with other people; career-wise, it was noted that she scored high in the arts—drawing, writing, acting. Betsy drew the conclusion, "Actors work with other people, so I shall study dramatics."

For three and a half years, she studied dramatics at DePaul University in the evening. She continued to work during the day. "I had no ambition for the theater. On graduation, I fully intended to hold onto my job. I was a typist at a radio station. I thought my life would be average and I would eventually marry and make a home, and that's all."

But, on graduation from DePaul, she was offered a six-month job in stock at Lake Geneva, Wisconsin. She took it and returned to Chicago to play more stock there. She worked with such stars as Imogene Coca in "Happy Birthday," the late Mady Christians in "Papa Is All," and Richard Carlson in "The Petrified Forest." They all encouraged Betsy to make a career of acting, but she wasn't taking it seriously.

"It wasn't until the summer of 1951 that I got the bug," she says. "At the time, I was thinking seriously of marriage—although I now know I wasn't really very close to it. I was in summer stock, playing the wife in 'Detective Story.' On open-

ing night, I suddenly realized I wanted to be an actress. Just like that. Then I knew that I had to leave Chicago, for anyone who came through Chicago—Imogene or Dick Carlson or the others—always told me: 'Go to Hollywood or go to New York. If you want to be an actress, you can't stay in Chicago.' So that fall I came East."

From the beginning, she made a living. She didn't turn up her nose at the chance to do commercials. And she was hardy. She played in the TV serial, *Dear Susan*, starring the late Susan Peters. The hitch here was that the show originated in Philadelphia, and Betsy had to commute five days a week from Manhattan. Came her first summer, and things got a little rocky. "I was about to go back to steno work," she recalls, "when they made me 'the poor man's Roxanne' on *Wheel Of Fortune*. A lot of actresses would have turned this down, but I took it. That's what they mean by my 'healthy attitude' toward work."

Betsy is not a snob about work, but she is intelligent and diligent. It pays off. Since that first summer, she has performed in hundreds of TV dramas. In the current season, she has starred on both *Climax!* and *Kraft Television Theater*. "And yet," she observes, "people feel they know me better for the panel show. Such strange things happen. A family introduced themselves to tell me they enjoyed *Masquerade Party*, then asked if I did anything else on TV. They didn't recognize me as an actress."

As an actress she has worked on all of the top TV shows. On Broadway, she played opposite Dennis King in "Affair of Honor." She worked in such movies as "Mister Roberts," "Queen Bee," and "The Long Gray Line." It was while working in the latter picture that she met her husband—and that was chance, too. She had gone to her doctor to be treated for laryngitis. He had said, "I've got a friend whom I think you'd get along with."

The friend called—and it was Dr. Vincent J. Merendino. He made a dinner date but, before they got to the soup, Betsy was feeling those well known butterflies: "Vinnie is tall, dark and very masculine. He's the kind other men take to, and I liked this. He's very strong and I'd always been kind of independent, so we hit it off." The courtship lasted three months, but it wasn't easy. There were babies arriving unexpectedly and canceling out dates. And, much of the time, Betsy was on location at West Point with the company of "Long Gray Line."

"We were married so suddenly," she recalls, "that my parents didn't have time to come in from Chicago. We didn't realize how much in love we were until it was time for me to pack up and fly to the Coast to finish the picture. We were to fly out Sunday morning. Friday afternoon, Vinnie and I went to City Hall and got a license. The next day, May 8, 1954, we were married at The Little Church Around the Corner. Vinnie's folks came over from New Jersey—his father is a doctor in Englewood. After the ceremony, Vinnie got his bag and went out to Hollywood with me for our honeymoon."

Unlike most performers, Betsy is in bed before midnight—and up quite early to breakfast with her husband. Although she has help with the cleaning, she does all of her own cooking.

"Even when I'm working and Vinnie offers to take me out," she notes, "it's

easier to get into comfortable clothes and just fix something at home. Actually, I think I'm a pretty good cook now. It was ability born of necessity. I love good food and my roommate, when I came to New York, was a terrible cook. We couldn't afford to eat out, and our dates were actors who usually couldn't afford to eat at all—so, most of the time, they were our guests at dinner. So I learned to cook. I think anyone who can read, and who appreciates good food, can cook."

Last Thanksgiving, she invited Vinnie's family to dinner, because she had been dying to do a big turkey. This year, she is hoping to have the family for Christmas. The kitchen is small but adequate. The dining area is the back third of the enormous living room. The table and chairs and sideboard are French provincial furniture which Vinnie inherited from his grandmother. The pieces have been refinished in white antique. Betsy has used oval hooked rugs in the dining area. Over the table hangs a wrought-iron chandelier-type candleholder. The living area has a couple of love seats and a sofa and chairs covered in plaids and yellow. There is a coffee table—actually a small formica table—dressed up with an antique picture frame. The wall on the street side has French windows. The long wall has a fireplace and white bookcases. The other wall is broken by a stairway which leads to an L-shaped balcony. Off the balcony is a roof terrace that holds dozens of potted plants and several potted trees.

If you pass up the terrace door, you walk into a television alcove on the balcony. Back in the living room, at the base of the balcony stairs, is a grand piano. Betsy has played since she was twelve. She plays popular and classical music for her own enjoyment. Being a romanticist, Debussy is her favorite. The piano was a birthday gift. "From Vinnie—who is also a romanticist and sentimentalist," she says. "He never forgets a birthday or anniversary."

Vinnie comes up with unusual gifts. Instead of an engagement ring—Betsy suggested she could do without one—he gave her a hi-fi set. On one birthday, he gave her a silver French poodle. He often buys clothes for her. "I always like the things he buys," says Betsy. "Actually, I'm not a clothes-horse. I like to put on a long dress once in a while, but mostly I prefer casual clothes. Clothes are not of first importance. For example, before I was married, I chose to put a little more money into a pleasant apartment rather than into an extensive wardrobe. And I feel much the same about jewelry. I have very, very little."

Most evenings are spent reading, visiting or entertaining friends. Vinnie gets along well with actors and Betsy gets along well with doctors. She is an excellent athlete, but ranks second to her husband at golf and tennis.

"I think Vinnie and I have a very good relationship," Betsy sums up. "We never hold grudges. When I get mad—and that is rarely—it is usually due to fatigue, which has nothing to do with Vinnie. And usually he will point out to me that my reaction is emotional rather than intellectual. He reminds me to stop and think. Of course, when he's wrong, he readily admits it," she smiles. "I'm very proud of him, as I know he is of me."

Betsy tugs at her nose a little, before concluding: "He's such a wonderful guy. My friends are always telling me this. But I know it, too, and that's the important thing. A good, lasting marriage has to have more than love—and one of the things it must have is respect. Vinnie and I have respect for each other."

New Year, New Stars, New Stories in
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All of a Sudden Love

(Continued from page 22)

late in his Manhattan apartment, was awakened by the persistent ringing of his telephone. "Whoever it is, whatever they want," he thought, as he straggled out of bed, "the answer is *no*." This particular Sunday was the closing day of "Carousel," in which he was starring at New York City Center Theater. He had a matinee and an evening performance ahead of him, and probably an after-closing party. He certainly wasn't going anywhere *this* morning or asking anyone over.

There was a challenge in his voice when he picked up the phone. "Hello," he barked. It was his old friend, publicist Andre Duval. "Do you remember that gal from Atlanta I've been threatening to introduce you to for the past seven years or so?" Andre began.

No girls, especially no girls, John thought to himself as he listened. He'd met too many girls already. . . . "Ruth Harris," Andre went on, "the redhead."

John guessed he remembered. Well, Andre and his wife were right then at her apartment for brunch, and Ruth had said she could hold up the food until John got there.

"I've a matinee..." John began, when a warmly feminine Southern voice came on the line, inquiring, "How do you like your eggs?"

"Scrambled soft," John said, in spite of himself. "How soon can you be here?" the compelling voice replied. "In thirty minutes," he said. "They'll be ready," Ruth Harris said, and hung up.

"I had had a crush on John Conte ever since I was in high school," Ruth admits now. "Used to duck out of class for fifteen minutes every morning, to turn on his singing show on the car radio. I had badgered Andre to introduce us, from the time I found out he knew John. There was always some complication . . . he was involved with this girl or that girl, or he was in Hollywood, or I was in Atlanta. But this day I was determined to meet him. The Duvals were leaving the next day for the West Coast . . . it was my last chance."

Ruth's brunch was sensational. Ruth is a marvelous cook—"I used to do a cooking program on TV," she explains. But this Sunday morning she outdid herself.

John, pulling himself away with just time enough to make the matinee curtain, was surprised to hear himself asking Ruth to have dinner with him at his apartment the following Tuesday night.

From that point it was simple, John says. "We started having dates a couple of nights a week, and then three, and then four—and, when we got to seven, we got married."

No matter what John says, it wasn't simple at all, Ruth confesses now, her battle long since won. She has been Mrs. John Conte, and loving it, since December 23, 1954. But, says Ruth, "John had absolutely no intention of relinquishing his bachelor status. He wouldn't propose. He wouldn't even tell me he loved me."

"I told her," John insists. "I made a recording of 'For the Very First Time' and gave her the master disc."

"I took him home to meet my parents at Thanksgiving," Ruth recalls. "My mother fell in love with him . . . John loved my folks, and had a wonderful time, but he didn't propose!"

But, back in Manhattan, their dates together became more frequent—almost that decisive seven nights a week. It was at about this time that John and Ruth were invited to a party at which May Perez, the celebrated psychic, was to tell everyone's future. John volunteered first.

All Madame Perez knew was his birthdate. All she could see were the lines in the palm of his hand. "You've recently met a girl," she began, "who will mean a great deal in your life. I see an 'H'—a big 'H'. Does the letter mean anything to you?"

"Harriette, Henriette . . ." John fumbled. "No, I don't know any girls whose names start with 'H.'" Listening quietly from across the room, Ruth Harris smiled.

"This girl will be very good for you," Madame Perez persisted. "You're a dreamer, she's down to earth—she will be a great influence in your life."

At this point she looked about the room, finally pointed to Ruth. "She's about that girl's height and coloring," she said. John still didn't make the connection.

Ruth's own future was told much later in the evening. "You're in love," Madame Perez began, "with someone you've met just recently." And then: "But, of course, you're the one—the big 'H.' . . . You'll be married soon," she was certain. ("I could just hear John thinking *Not me!*" Ruth laughs.) "You'll move to Hollywood permanently," Madame Perez continued. (Even more unlikely.) "You'll buy a house . . . you'll have a baby, maybe two."

Ruth and John lost a baby in Ruth's fifth month of pregnancy last spring. They are awaiting only the doctor's okay to try to prove May Perez' last prediction.

"It sounded like a lovely future," Ruth Conte reminisces now. "I decided to give Madame Perez a little help. . . ."

Christmas was approaching. Ruth's parents, vacationing at a seaside cottage in Florida, wrote urging her to join them there for the holidays. Ruth invited John to make the trip South with her, and John, remembering the Harrises' warm hospitality at Thanksgiving, accepted.

"Of course," Ruth said pointedly, "the cottage is a little small. "It would be much more convenient if we got married." *Somebody* had to propose.

After a moment of shock, John muttered "But wouldn't that be a lot of trouble?" Not at all, Ruth assured him—and dictated a message to Western Union.

"Dear Mother and Pop," it went. "Please arrange break all red tape so we can be married immediately on arrival. Love, Ruth."

They were married the next day at the little courthouse in Folkston, Georgia, where Mr. Harris had been able to arrange a waiver of the three-day waiting period.

It had been touch and go until the last minute. "I knew how John felt," Ruth says. "He was scared . . ."

The Harrises were waiting for them at the airport. Jeff, the chauffeur who has been with the family for years, was at the wheel of their big car.

After excited greetings, Ruth and John climbed into the car with her parents, and Jeff wheeled the automobile around to the north in the direction of town.

"Just a minute, Jeff," Ruth said. Then she took John's moist hands in hers and spoke very softly.

"John, we don't *have* to go to Florida. We can go north to Folkston. Or we can go south to the big house in Atlanta. I want you to choose."

"North," John told Jeff, with a final flood of conviction.

A half hour later, they were man and wife and on their way to Florida for a green Christmas and an idyllic honeymoon. The first of Madame Perez' predictions had come true.

Back in New York, Ruth found a pleasant apartment and set to work on its decoration. She has a real flair for deco-



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rating—of all the courses she taught in the six schools of charm she had established and directed for ten years in the South, she loved Home Decoration best.

She worked like a happy beaver and, after three months, invited their circle of New York friends to a housewarming.

The next day John was offered a starring role in a *Climax!* TV production—in Hollywood. Madame had said they would go to Hollywood—and permanently.

"We'll just fly out, do the show and come right back," John said with great certainty. Ruth packed a couple of weekend cases, locked the door of the apartment, and they were off.

On the basis of his *Climax!* performance, John landed a featured role in the film, "The Man with the Golden Arm." They had to stay on the West Coast for that, of course. While he was still in production on the movie, NBC-TV approached him with the proposal that he launch their prospective *Matinee Theater*. It was just too good to turn down.

Having come West for "a couple of days," they had been "camping" in hotel suites. But, now that they were to be permanent residents in Hollywood—and since they also knew now that a baby was on the way—Ruth began looking for more appropriate quarters.

"We might as well buy a house and get it over with," she said. "Madame Perez has been right on all the important things. It's pretty silly to hold out on anything relatively so inconsequential."

Ruth looked at hundreds of houses, decided on one which would have made

most modern newlyweds shudder. It was in the nicest section of Beverly Hills. But it was old, and dirty, and dark. And it was Spanish. John himself shuddered, the first time Ruth took him to see it.

"The floor plan is great," Ruth told him. "Everything we don't like—which is everything else—we will change."

They did impressive amounts of the work themselves. John was by now keeping the rigorous schedule of *Matinee Theater*, but they had evenings to work, and weekends.

The work weekends were fun. Friends assembled from every corner of town to participate in paint-removing parties—the house was full of dark, fading paint and, in the kitchen alone, there were seven coats of a color Ruth can describe only as "black green" to be removed.

The paint removers would scour away for hours. Then, at exactly the right psychological moment, Ruth would call the gang to a picnic supper on the lawn—a ham or a roast of beef, a turkey, big green salads and a homemade cake. Pretty soon they had more volunteers for work than there was work to do.

The living room, once dirty tan, looks bigger and infinitely warmer with its ivory walls and ivory wall-to-wall carpeting. The ceiling-to-floor draperies have a graceful coral and green print on the basic ivory background. Coral and green are repeated in the furniture fabrics.

The house is full of magnificent lighting fixtures which Ruth bought "for a song" at an auction, and which John himself installed. He is particularly proud of

a crystal chandelier in the graceful foyer (from which curving steps, ivory carpeted, ascend to the second floor).

John also installed the ceilings and wall paneling in their charming study, and walls of white plastic brick in a room which is to be a playroom and bar.

As in most young moderns' homes today, the kitchen sees as much of the guests as the living room, so Ruth devoted generous amounts of her budget to making it attractive. The cabinets—sans their seven coats of "black green"—are quite beautiful, pared down to the original wood and lightly stained. Built-in ovens and grill are soft brown, as is the refrigerator.

But, as in most young moderns' homes, the job is never done. What will one day be a guest room is now a sewing center, where Ruth makes curtains, drapes, and bed coverings. The master bedroom is habitable, but still far from what Ruth envisions as the finished product. There is a nursery, too, ready for the baby they know they will have one day.

"I probably worked too hard on the house," Ruth explains, but adds confidently, "I'll know better next time."

"I will know better," John emphasizes.

A baby in the new house is all the Contes need today to make their life complete. . . . Besides, there's still that one last prediction of the far-seeing Madame Perez to be made good. The Contes feel rather fond of the psychic lady. She knew John was through with bachelorhood before he did . . . almost before Ruth did, as a matter of fact.

Bill Cullen—The Man Who Has Everything

(Continued from page 39)

is just across the street from Gracie Mansion—the home of New York's Mayor.

"We did it all ourselves," Bill said, "without benefit of interior decorator, or even tips from decor-minded friends . . . and we're pretty proud of it! The living room with its bank of windows overlooking the river (a view like you never saw in your life!) is done, the whole thing, in earth tones. One wall is white brick, the other three are beige grass paper. The draperies are a lighter silk beige. The twelve-foot sofa is cinnamon, sort of a silky fabric. The floor is covered with a white rug. All of the wood is either oiled walnut or very dark mahogany. Lots of copper. Lots of brass. Under the windows, a bank of brass planters with ferns and plants, most of them tropical. The dining room is an ell off the living room, so we've carried the grass paper right through. The furniture is natural wood, light in color, half-and-half by Jens Risom, the Danish designer, and a real genius, and Edward Wormley—another genius! Off the dining room, at the other end, we have a little terrace which, with the exception of a barbecue and a couple of geranium plants, we haven't fixed up as yet. Eventually we'll get a table and chairs, and be able to eat out there under the sun, moon and stars, and watch the ships going down to the sea.

"The master bedroom, our bedroom, has one white and three gray walls and, against one of them, brass planters (here we go again) filled with those green and growing things. The bedroom floor is covered in white. The furniture is very dark mahogany, so dark it might be black. We have a seven-foot bed, with a white leather headboard that comes down, making a seat, with arms, for reading in bed. The kitchen is yellow, with the customary cookstove, sink and so on, a peg board, a spice rack, lots of copper and,

uh, things . . ." Kitchen-wise, Bill went a little vague on us, although Ann says he makes a wonderful spaghetti and sauce—"and, believe it or not," she added, "wonderful souffles of a flavor and delicacy a French chef would envy! As a cook he leaves nothing to be desired; as a cleaner-upper after he cooks," Ann laughed, "he does."

He and Ann had felt a bit uneasy, Bill admitted, about the "infinite amount of money" they spent on the apartment. They had their moments of thinking they should compromise here and there by taking "second-best."

"But if we took second-best," says Bill, "we'd only be dissatisfied in time, which would mean we'd start replacing things and, in the long run, spend more money than if we got the things that are for keeps. I'm not a drinker, not a gambler, no horse races, no night-clubbing. I used to have a 40-foot sailboat, would like to have a boat again, but not now, not, please," Bill laughed, "for Christmas! I used to 'keep' fancy fish. None of that upkeep now. I did buy a Thunderbird car to match one I had on the Coast, so I could show Ann, a Californian, the beauties of the East Coast. An avid amateur photographer, I have quite a collection of cameras and if I have any one big ungratified desire, it's to have a dark-room of my own, but again, not for Christmas—the limitation of space in a New York apartment forbids. (Bill takes so many pictures of her that she does wish, Ann laughed, she'd been this much in demand when she was modeling at twenty-five dollars an hour!)

"Where I'm extravagant," Bill summed it up, "is that I like to live well. I do live well. So what if I don't have any money—the apartment's all paid for and, to me, it's worth it!"

At work as at home, Bill is genuinely happy. "I make a very good living doing

the thing I like to do—what more," he asks, "is there?" No more. The wonder of it is that it should be for Bill, who wasn't one of the "born lucky" boys.

Born William Lawrence Cullen in Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, February 18, 1920, Bill was less than two years old when he was stricken by polio. Doctors, many of them, said he might never walk again. In a hospital for many months, and with a brace (long since discarded) on his leg when he was discharged, Bill walked again. He doesn't know for sure what type of polio treatment was given him in the hospital. But he is very sure of the treatment that, through the years, he gave himself. He calls it: *Never letting it get you down.*

It never did. During high-school days (Pittsburgh's South Side High School) he became interested in midget auto racing, expecting to make it his career after graduation. When his parents insisted that he continue his education, Bill enrolled at the University of Pittsburgh, where he took a pre-med course but managed to keep up with his midget auto racing in his spare time. Not only did he become an expert midget racer but, when he was rejected for war service, he taught himself to fly and became an active flier and instructor for civilian defense. Having attained five thousand solo flying hours, Bill subsequently operated his own Appointment Airlines—a private plane service which catered to notables.

A further example of Bill's tenacity is that he started in radio at the bottom of the ladder—as assistant disc jockey of a 250-watt Pittsburgh station. When financial difficulties forced him to leave college, he cashed in on his mechanical knowledge and got a job in a garage. Radio was really rolling at this time and Bill kept his co-workers amused with his take-offs on noted airwave favorites. One day, when called on a tow job, he met an

executive of a local radio station and took advantage of the opportunity to run through a few of his routines. The executive, highly amused, gave him his first modest spot on the air. Thereafter, Bill announced for hotel orchestras, did all sorts of emcee jobs, ventured into sports-casting, mounted the ladder of success steadily and surely, rung by rung. Then, after a successful stint as free-lance announcer, he took the big plunge and went to New York, where the competition is stiffest, to try his luck in radio. His break came in 1946, when he was an announcer on *Winner Take All*. One day the emcee fell ill, young Cullen took over, and an accomplished quizmaster as well as an authentic radio-personality was born.

Today Bill walks with a limp, no distortion of any sort, but still a perceptible limp which does not, however, hamper him in any other way than that, except for swimming and an occasional round of golf, he's limited to spectator sports.

Career-wise he is, of course, one of the young men most in demand on radio and TV. Bill did not, he says, looking amused, ask for the early-morning *Pulse* show assignment. When the job was first offered him, he hesitated a bit—as Dave Garroway and Will Rogers, Jr., must have done—at the prospect of rising six days a week—before the chickens! Now that he's doing it, however, and so successfully (when Bill took over as moderator, *Pulse* was on the air from 6:30 to 9:30 A.M. and now, by popular demand, it's on from 6 to 10) it fascinates him.

"On *Pulse*," he said, "we get into everything, meet and talk with all kinds of people, doing all kinds of things. Deep-sea divers. Airplane pilots. Captains of ships. Doctors. Nurses. Politicians. Proprietors of luncheonettes. Members of the Police Force. Artists and," he grinned, "models. The assorted information you pick up is amazing such as, for instance, that the sandwiches most in demand by teenagers who patronize luncheonettes are Wheaties on whole-wheat bread, tuna fish and cream cheese!

"On *Pulse*, in short, we kind of feel the pulse of the city of New York. That's a lot of pulse—and it goes at a rapid rate. Since the gimmick of hiding \$1000 for some lucky lass or lad to find was introduced on *Pulse*, the show is even more exciting. Our fan mail has increased appreciably in volume—and in fervor. I get a charge out of it, too, a big one. I sort of stand on tiptoe each week until the current \$1,000 cache is found. Can't wait to meet the lucky finders-keepers. It's also very gratifying to be able, as I am, to decide what and whom to have on the show, how to handle the interviews, how to present the show as a whole."

Even arising at the pre-dawn hour at 4 A.M. is no real hardship to William Lawrence, now that he is awakened by the dulcet tones of his wife instead of by the dial tone, chillingly impersonal, of a clock-radio. "I give myself two hours before air-time. I'm a guy," Bill said, "who likes to take his time and plenty of it!

"Ann gets up with me every morning," Bill said appreciatively, "at 4 A.M. Makes my coffee. Fixes me orange juice, sliced peaches, anything I may want. When I leave, she goes back to bed. She's sleeping before I get to the elevator. In other words, the key in the lock goes click! and she goes, clunk! Might not be amiss to call ours a Click & Clunk marriage."

According to Ann, Bill is "wonderful"

in the morning. "Doesn't sing," she laughed, "but not a grunt or groan out of him, very good-natured, bright eyed, fit as a fiddle. With the show off the air at 10 A.M. he usually gets home at eleven, has lunch, takes a three, sometimes four hour nap. Then, except on Wednesdays when he's on *I've Got A Secret*, we usually take a drive in the country or have dinner at home and go to the theater, which we've been doing a great deal lately. Most nights, even theater nights, Bill is in bed by 11 or 11:30."

Bill is also happy about his chore on *I've Got A Secret*—"which is not a chore," he said, "mainly because we all get along so well together, Garry, Faye, Jayne, Henry and I. Henry and I are very good friends. We're all good friends, sort of one-for-all and all-for-one, the five of us. Whenever Henry appears in stock, I go to see him. He makes a point of listening to *Pulse*, as well as catching me on any guest spot I may do. When Jayne made the *Dungaree Doll* record with her sister Audrey, I plugged it on *Pulse* until I was asked to stop! When Faye was on Broadway last winter, in a play, we were there—in the audience. We agree as one man, the four of us, Garry is the show.

"Off-mike, we socialize quite a bit, too. Give 'Secret' parties for each other. Henry gave one at his place not long ago, Faye's given one, Jayne, too. Now it's my turn—want to wait though," Bill said, making a funny face, "until the white rug gets dirty!"

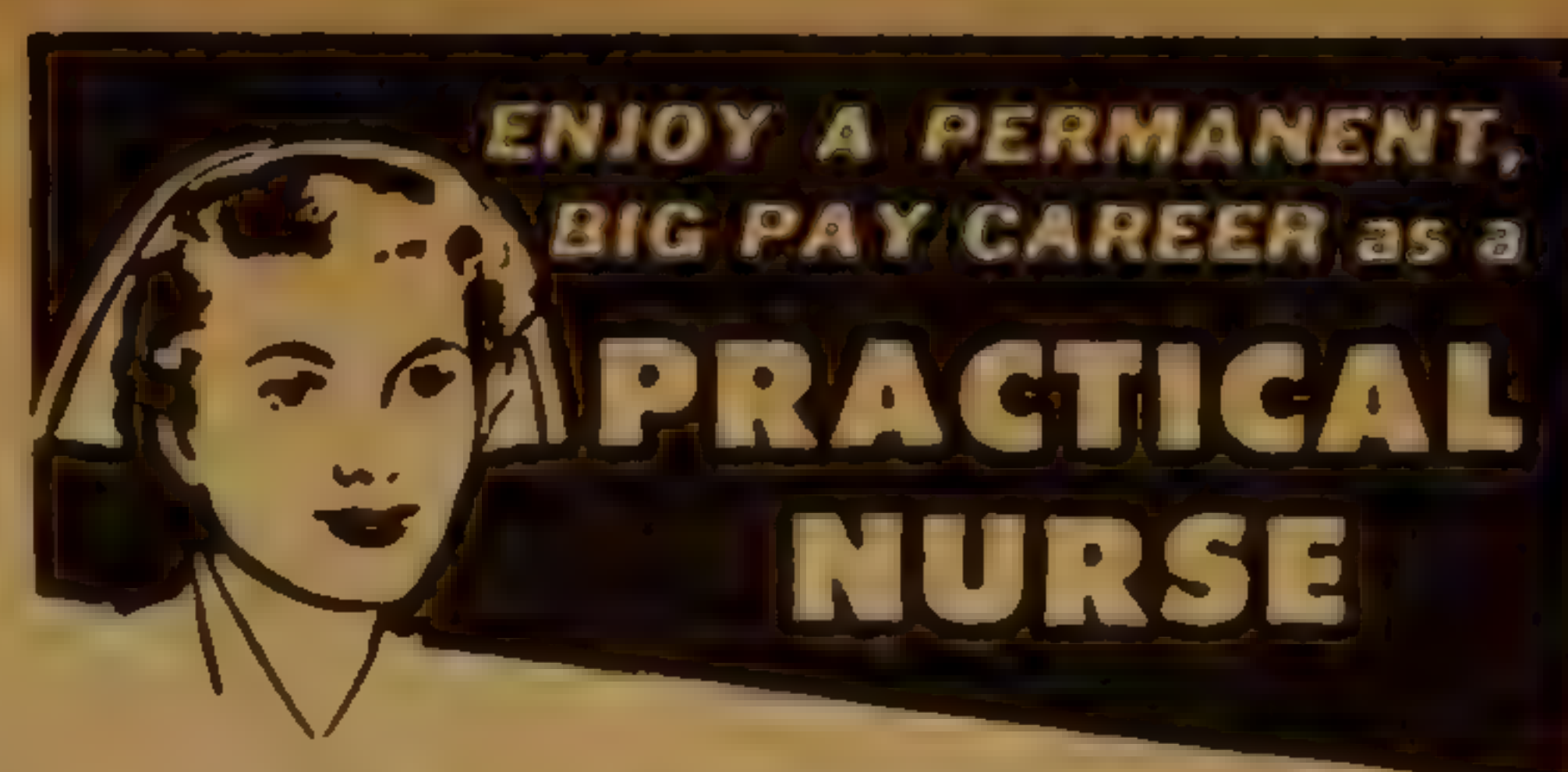
For the success he enjoys in radio and on TV, Bill gives thanks, and many of them, to the fans. "Fans," he said, "they pay the freight. The minute you put them at a distance, your time is up. This is particularly true when you're on TV, because of the fact that television fans feel much closer to us than movie fans feel, I believe, to their favorites. You know they do by the way they greet you, as they would a next-door neighbor or one of the kids at school, with a 'Hi, there!' None of the idol-worship thing, just real pal-sy. The reason for this is that whereas they go to theaters and see the movie stars, we in television go to them in their homes, are with them, shoes off, in their living rooms. And whereas they may see their favorite screen stars once, twice, three times a year, we're with them once or twice a week, some of us every day or evening in the week. We're familiar with them, part of the family circle, you might say. This much I know, the day I think I don't want anything to do with the fans, try to dodge giving them autographs, try eeling out of side doors to avoid them—I better have money in the bank!"

Nothing that can be put in a sock, hung on a tree or wrapped in tinselly ribbon to ask for; everything that doesn't come in packages already his . . .

"This doesn't mean," Bill said, "that the holiday spirit is not in me. It is. And it glows—very much like those Christmas tree lights I got at Lord & Taylor last year, the kind that go off and on, like stars winking. I'm a bug on the Thanksgiving turkey and pumpkin pie ritual. I'm a bug on trees, on trimming the place with Christmas greens. A bug, above all, on being at home on Thanksgiving and on Christmas Day. Don't like going out to parties, just home.

"And if, having everything, I don't want anything, it's because I never want anything—although I might be terribly hurt, of course, if I didn't get something! Actually, though, I get so embarrassed when given a present. Wouldn't like to be a contest winner. The reason, I think, is that I don't like to get something for nothing."

How does he know? He never has.



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The Girl Who Got to Presley

(Continued from page 28)

control love for Elvis—took a bus and went to Memphis, armed with a notebook full of Presley clippings and pictures. When she was promptly run down by alert Memphis newsmen, she said, "I thought if I came to Memphis I might become his secretary—or something." She was rapidly hustled back to the safety of her family home by an irate father. And, so far, no other teenager has been foolish enough to try so direct an attack.

But, out of the thousands of hearts that are beating for Elvis, one girl did manage to meet him and become his good friend. This girl is eighteen-year-old June Juanico of Biloxi, Mississippi. Like the others, June makes no secret of her love for Elvis, and her hope that he will eventually marry her. But, like all the others, she is bucking an almost impossible situation. Here's how June's idyll with Elvis came about. Its outcome is anybody's guess.

If nothing else, it will give you some idea of the way the newest teenagers' rage operates, girl-wise, and what it means to be in love with him and to be one of his favorites at the peak of his fantastic success. This is not necessarily the story of the great love in Elvis Presley's life. But it is the story of one girl who got through to him over a year ago in Biloxi . . . June, who became his steady date in that town and was asked, according to her mother, to wait three years for him until his contract left him free to marry her.

June is the eighteen-year-old girl who, with her mother's enthusiastic permission, accepted Elvis's invitation to accompany him on his tour through Southern states, beginning in Miami, Florida, and ending in New Orleans.

As Elvis Presley says, "It's this way. There are at least twenty-five girls I date regular. This is just one of them." And his ever-watchful manager, Col. Tom Parker, adds slyly: "They show up, sometimes eight at a time, all claiming they're his steadies."

June Juanico, the Girl, says, "It would be nice if Elvis loved me as much as I love him. But there's this other girl in Memphis . . ." June is a pretty brunette, nicely contoured, simply dressed, and by no means a screaming or fainting-type of fan. She has gone with Elvis for more than a year, she is deeply in love with him, and she accepts realistically—but with a certain philosophical sadness—the fact that she can make no plans for the future.

June's mother, Mrs. Mae Juanico of Biloxi, announces: "I don't object to her having made the trip to Miami. He's a nice boy and June is a good girl. I talked to his parents and they said Elvis would take good care of her." Before we go into the real story, however, let's set the scene, the time and place, the characters. . . .

Miami, Florida, noted for its hurricanes, had one not long ago in the shuddering, gyrating form of Elvis Presley. Like a hurricane, he is a giant phenomenon. He also stopped traffic, disrupted the everyday lives of twenty thousand households for two days, and caused the police and fire departments a walloping headache. Not only that: He got about as much coverage in the local press as any respectable hurricane could hope for.

This is how it came about. There is a wonderful old theater in Miami, the Olympia, which was the last stronghold of vaudeville in the nation. It still has stuffed peacocks and a ceiling twinkling with fake stars in a fake sky, and there is the musty air of the late 20's about it. Of late, it has closed its doors on occasion, become a movie house, and even, according to ru-

mor, been considered as a possible garage.

But a couple of weeks after Elvis appeared on Steve Allen's TV show—and Ed Sullivan forthwith hired him for \$50,000—the Olympia booked him in for two days. Along with Elvis, they booked a comic magician, a few other acts, and some movie shorts. Once again, the old Olympia came alive.

So did the town of Miami, loaded with summer tourists but more loaded with Elvis Presley's fans. Man, it was crazy. From the moment Elvis rolled into town in his lavender Lincoln convertible, the teen-aged girls started lining up at the box office. They brought sandwiches in paper bags, and the line started at midnight Thursday, though his first show would not begin until 3:30 P.M. Friday.

Outside the stage entrance on First Avenue, the milling throng filled the sidewalks and street, backing up rush-hour traffic for five blocks and requiring the best efforts of ten police to keep them from crashing the theater. But one girl got through—on Elvis's special order.

She was a brunette, and softly curved and very pretty, and about eighteen. She went directly to Elvis's dressing room, where she talked to him and stroked his forehead while he rested between acts. An alert reporter cornered her during the next Presley stage go-round and, to his delight, she spoke willingly of their relationship.

"Why, I'm June Juanico of Biloxi, Mississippi," she explained in her soft Southern voice, "and I'm going on this tour with Elvis. He asked me to." The story, as she told it, is the dream success story of any teenager who gathers in the crowd at a stage door hoping to see and maybe even touch her idol—but also with the glimmering, spark-like vision that she might be the one to catch his eye, and get to know him and win his love.

June Juanico had flipped over Elvis's records from the time they first began to appear in jukeboxes. She was barely seventeen at the time, a blue-eyed, average girl from an average American family, and Elvis wasn't as popular then as he is now. Still, he was beginning to catch on in a big way. When it was announced that he would appear at a local theater in Biloxi (this was over a year ago, remember) June decided that she would just have to go to see him.

Apparently a lot of other girls had the same idea, for she had a hard time getting in. After the show, it seemed like a good idea to go backstage and ask him for an autograph. But, when she finally managed to squeeze through the door, she found quite a crowd milling around.

Of course, she could have milled, too, taking her chances, but her eye caught a sign that said "Ladies" and she had a better idea. She simply went in there and waited until there wasn't any more noise in the corridor. "And when I went out," she says, "there he was."

It's important to point out just here that most of Elvis's fans are not high-school girls. They're junior-high girls—twelve, thirteen, up to fifteen. And Elvis is a grown man. June was then, as now, an obviously grown-up young lady.

"Five minutes later," June recalls, "he asked me to show him the town, and of course I accepted."

Biloxi is one of the most famous of the Gulf Coast resort cities. June and Elvis spent the small hours of the morning catching the shows at three or four late spots. "And by the end of the evening," June says, "I knew this was it."

He had treated her with charm and courtesy, as any well-brought-up South-

ern lad would do. And he had not hesitated to take her right home when finally she had to suggest that it was getting pretty late for her.

She woke up the next morning in love, truly in love for the first time. He'd said he would call her, so she hung around the house waiting for the phone to ring. But it didn't, not that day, nor the next nor the next. Then she knew it would not ring at all, for surely he had gone home to Memphis by now.

But of course he would write. He couldn't have been that nice to her, so unaware of the spark that had leaped between them, without ever saying anything to her again. He couldn't just walk out of her life, cold, after such a magic evening. . . .

There were no letters. Not a line or a word, for eight months. But June is a persistent girl, and she was in love. As the months went by, and she listened to his records, and read items about him in the paper, and was more sure than ever.

So she did what many a girl in love has done before her, and will do again through the centuries. Into her pocket went her pride, into a suitcase her newest and prettiest dresses, and off to Memphis went June, chin out and eyes candid and bright with determination.

She looked up Elvis Presley. "And," she says, "it started all over again."

This time he was very honest with her. Yes, there was a girl in Memphis, a miss of nineteen, whom he dated regularly when he was home. That didn't mean he would marry her, because now he had a big career coming up and it would be at least three years before he could think of marriage. But he was crazy about June, too, and if she wanted to go ahead on that basis. . . .

She would go ahead on that basis. "I don't know if I'm first or second in his life," she says now, wistfully, "but I'm happy to be either one. He's a wonderful guy when you get to know him. I mean if you really know him. He's a warm individual and treats everyone so nice."

It was in August, just before he started his now famous six-cities Southern tour beginning in Miami, that he turned up again in Biloxi with four of his friends and came to June's house. He told Mrs. Juanico that he wanted June to be with him, and could she come along on the tour. She could bring a couple of friends, and it would all be very much on the up and up. How about it?

Mrs. Juanico began to worry a little. She had always trusted her level-headed daughter. She had grown to like Elvis during the months when, in Biloxi, he had dated no other girl except June. But, as Mrs. Juanico has said, "He said he couldn't get married for at least three years, and he has asked her to wait for him." That was certainly an honorable statement of intentions. But a six-cities tour!

A lot of reporters and critics were saying that Elvis put on an obscene act. Mrs. Juanico didn't think that was true at all. "That's just the boy's way of expressing himself," she has said—and she knew him well, now, as a quiet, well-mannered, warm and endearing fellow whose success hadn't changed him at all.

She decided on an inter-family conference. She talked to Elvis's family, and from them got the reassurance that her daughter would be perfectly safe on the trip, that Elvis would take good care of her. "All right," she told Elvis, "June can go."

That evening, Elvis and his four friends set out for Miami in Elvis's car. A few hours later, another car—containing June,

a girlfriend and another boy—followed. Naturally, no one was supposed to find out about June and her party. With all those girls all over the country identifying themselves as one of Elvis's innumerable dates, it would hurt to know that he had brought along an eighteen-year-old favorite to keep him company on his tour. That's why he and Col. Parker had their answers ready when they were asked about the things June and her mother had said.

There's no doubt that Elvis is playing the field, and that June is over-optimistic when she figures there is only one other girl in his life. "I'm going on the tour with him as far as New Orleans," she said. "But, when he goes back to Memphis, I don't know what I'll do." She was referring to her competition there, of course. Elvis and Parker would have you believe that there would be just as much competition in every city along the way.

The truth is, June was right in looking forward to being his steady, at least as far as Memphis. Elvis asked her to come along because he knew he wouldn't get a chance to date an outside girl during his slam-bang tour. By "outside" is meant anyone who isn't in his police-protected party itself. He travels with an entourage of cousins, boyhood friends, and agents, just as Sinatra and Fisher always have, and he either has to stay in his hotel suite or at the theater. It's tough enough fighting his way from one place to the other and back again without being snatched at by the shrieking mobs of little girls.

So the only way he can have a date on such a trip is to enclose her in the protected circle and keep her there. Of course they can never be alone, except for occasional moments in his dressing room at the theater. But it's better than spending several weeks with just a bunch of other fellows.

That's why Elvis probably will henceforth limit his dates to three or four girls—if not to the two June believes in. With him, now, it's a matter of mechanics. Trying to date twenty-five girls would be worse than murder. It could ruin his career.

The reaction of the local Miami press to Elvis was hilarious because it was so vehement. For at least a decade in

Miami, no such downright poisonous attacks have been printed as were directed at Elvis. And this in a resort city noted for its jaundiced opinion of entertainers.

One reporter shot a current-events quiz at him, with questions about Suez and the Andrea Doria and international politics. Elvis sweated visibly, but he was polite and did his woeful best. "I don't hardly get a chance to read the papers any more," he mumbled. But, when the reporter had left to write that Elvis was the dumbest gent he'd ever met, Elvis said justifiably, "What was he trying to prove? If I knew all that stuff, I'd be doing his job."

Actually, the news attacks were addressed more to the audience of frantic girls than to Presley, the man and performer. The critics were all men with twenty or thirty years of show-business experience behind them. And, after all, Elvis was performing for a bunch of impressionable youngsters. The critics couldn't hear a note he played or sang for the continuous shrieking.

One reporter came up to June Juanico as she stood in the wings, smiling dreamily, jiggling a little in time to Elvis's rhythm, and asked her: "Just what is it you see in him?"

And she replied, "If you were of the opposite sex, you would know." Whatever he does, June will like it—and, I suspect, so will his other fans.

Meantime, Elvis has rapidly moved on to a bigger, brighter—and more fascinating future. In Hollywood, he has starred in 20th Century-Fox's "Love Me Tender." He has met Debra Paget, dated her—and Hollywood is keeping an interested eye on this romance. He is being swept up into a national prominence that will ever befog the boyish days back in Tupelo, Mississippi.

So, for June Juanico, the worries increase. Will his old, steady Memphis girl, Barbara Hearn, be the one girl Elvis finally returns to? Will June herself, by loyalty and understanding, win out? Or will her love be swept away from her on a relentless tide of success?

No matter what the outcome: Elvis Presley, this minute, has made the most phenomenal success of 1956 or 1957, and in that success June Juanico has played a part.

My Father, Alfred Hitchcock

(Continued from page 32)

bullfight he attended, he left the arena almost as the bull came into it. Nor is he, himself, immune from the gooseflesh he raises on others. He has a fear of policemen, amounting to a phobia . . . which dates back to when he did something naughty as a small boy, and his father (from whom my father inherits his mordant sense of humor) sent him to the police station with a note asking the police lieutenant to "lock the boy up for five minutes." The lieutenant obliged—and "the boy" was so badly frightened that, to this day, he dislikes driving a car because the sound of a siren scares him.

"But," several of his TV fans have asked me, "isn't he kind of—well, scary?"

To which the answer is: Only on screen, never off; never at home, where—although there's never a dull moment—ghosts do not walk nor chains clank, bodies are never found (well, almost never) where bodies have no business to be. Nothing sinister, nothing remotely scary ever happens at home. On the contrary, my father—who is of a completely happy nature—makes "life with father" a very jolly affair, and gives one a sense of security,

the feeling of being protected. On his sets, he never raises his voice above a whisper. And, at home, he speaks quietly. He is a soothing man. A cozy man . . .

And a family man of great devotion. He dearly loves my mother. And me. And my two small daughters, Mary, who is 3½, and Terry, who is 2. And Phillip Magnesia, his miniature Sealyham. He is mad about Phillip. When he and my mother returned recently from a trip to Africa—where they were scouting locations for Daddy's projected film, "Flamingo Feather"—Phillip was the only one to whom he brought presents.

My father loves his homes, both of them: One in Bel Air, California; the other—the most fantastic place in the world—on a high hill in Santa Cruz, overlooking Monterey Bay. If ever you should drop in on Daddy in the fabulous house on the high hill, where the winds blow strong and the stars are within hands' reach, he would probably be wearing a coverall made of heavy black brocaded silk, with lapels (almost like a pair of pajamas—with the "Hitchcock touch"). He would look very much as "the master of the macabre" is supposed to look. However,

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the prosy fact is that Daddy wears this curious garment (of his own design) to sit around the house in, to be comfortable in, to loll in. As a "loller," my father is without serious competition!

He is the hardest person in the world to buy presents for, because he doesn't do anything. He doesn't play golf. Or tennis. Or croquet. Or bridge. Or Scrabble. Or do crossword puzzles. He doesn't work in the garden. He doesn't fish. He loves classical music, and can whistle practically all of the classics from start to finish, but he doesn't play an instrument of any kind. Nor sing. Although he has, of necessity—considering his radical changes in weight (in one year he took off a hundred pounds)—suits for various weights, he is not in the least clothes conscious.

Being a gourmet, he does like to cook, mostly French dishes, of which *poulet en cocotte* is his self-avowed *chef d'oeuvre*. But, although indifferent to clothes for himself, he is quite the opposite where my mother is concerned. Daddy often shops for her. Goes off by himself, sees things in windows, and has them sent home. And they're always perfect in fit, color and style. He likes to browse around and find good things for his houses, too. Nor does his taste run to the macabre—although I must admit that his prize possession (it hangs on the wall of his den in the Bel Air house) is the original of a *New Yorker* cartoon by Charles Addams, another specialist in the field of macabre humor. It shows a film audience laughing unroariously at a picture, though one woman in the center is not laughing—nor even smiling. She is Mona Lisa.

Loving to loll as he does, it's paradoxical that Daddy also loves to make what are called his "globe-trotting" movies. Such as "Foreign Correspondent," made in Holland; "Notorious," in Rio de Janeiro; "The Man Who Knew Too Much," in North Africa; "Secret Agent," in Switzerland; "The Trouble With Harry," in Vermont; and, of course, the forthcoming "Flamingo Feather," again in Africa. (Right now, he's filming "From Amongst the Dead," with James Stewart—who made the previous trek with him for "The Man Who Knew Too Much." Only when the script offers no possible excuse for taking ship or plane does he "settle down on a sound-stage.")

His love of the sea is, I'm sure, what motivates his globe-trotting. As a small boy, his favorite pastime was sticking pins in a map of the world, following the comings and goings of Britain's merchant marine. And, every time Mama and I travelled to or from England with him, we thought that, by fair means or foul, he was going to guide the ship in. He *loves* the sea—perhaps because of its lolling action.

However, with the exception of cooking, his occasional shopping expeditions for Mama, and globe-trotting, he is physically *not* active—to understate the matter. He reads a lot, mostly non-fiction best-sellers. No whodunits or mysteries of any kind, because of his fear of unconscious plagiarism. For the same reason, he stays away from movies and dials out TV shows of the type which could be considered "in his field." He loves to watch TV, though—especially Phil Silvers. He *loves* Phil Silvers. We all do. But, mostly, he spends his leisure time talking with my mother, with my husband and me, and with such friends as Joe Cotten and his wife, Cary and Betsy Grant, the Bob Cummings—and with his grandchildren.

Daddy always treats children as if they were his own age. From time remembered, we have always been a very close family, the three of us. Mama and Daddy have been more like friends than parents. My first conscious memory of my father is, I've often thought, what set the key to

the relationship I was to share with him.

I was five, possibly six, when I came down the stairway of our home in Surrey, England, one Christmas morning, on tiptoe with excitement to see what Santa Claus had brought me. The base of the great tree in the living room was piled with toys of every sort and kind, but dominating them all was—a doll's house! A doll house taller than I, beautifully furnished, complete with a family. Mother, father, children, a nurse, and even a dog by the front door and a pussycat dozing by the hearth! By the doll house knelt my father. When I sat down beside him, these dolls became—as he manipulated and spoke for them—real people. They moved about, performing their various duties. They talked, they laughed, they cried. They became involved in situations which I've now forgotten, but some must have been funny, because I do remember laughing aloud and feeling chills of excitement. I was watching—though I wasn't aware of it then—the master of horror and humor (for he blends the two) at work.

When Daddy and Mama went to the theater, they always took me. They took me with them everywhere, in fact. They included me in almost everything they talked about—not excepting Daddy's work. My father still discusses with my mother everything from the inception of an idea for a movie or TV show, right down to the final take. It's natural that he should discuss his work with Mama, because, when they first met, she was the chief film editor of the company in London with which Daddy started out as a title writer. ("I married my boss," Daddy always says.) But I, too, sat in on "conferences," was asked for my opinion, and was listened to with respect. As a child in England and, later, in Hollywood, I was always on the set when Daddy was making a film.

My father doesn't discuss *problems* with my mother—or with anyone else—because he rarely has any. Daddy has the most orderly bureau, desk drawers, and clothes closets, of any man or woman I have ever known. At work, as at home, he is completely organized. Before a camera turns on a sound stage, either movie or TV, he knows precisely what he is going to do, and when and where—and how and also why. His story has been condensed, to a single typewritten page. His scenes have been plotted and an exact picture drawn (by his own hand) for each scene, with everything, including the lighting, clearly described. It is said of him that he has never been known to look through a camera because he knows so well what he will see. He is so sure of each detail—where each actor will stand, what he or she will wear, and say. What is known as the "Hitchcock touch" is *thoroughness*.

He is also the most controlled man I have ever known. When he dieted off one hundred pounds in a year, he simply allowed himself a piece of meat for lunch, one for dinner, and only black coffee for breakfast. Others might keep to this for three weeks or perhaps three months, but he did it for a *year*! Of the cigars he loves, he smokes two a day—no more, no less. Nor does he ever lose his temper, be the provocation what it may. His sets are quiet. As I said before, he seldom raises his voice above a whisper. He never speaks harshly to an actor, or disparagingly of him. As he recently told a reporter: "We try not to use up all our drama on the set. We like to get it into the picture. There

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is nothing for actors to worry about, as long as they do just what I tell them."

When, in my early teens, I first mentioned that I wanted to be an actress, Daddy's only comment was: "If you're to be an actress, be an intelligent one."

I now know what he meant by that, too. Stupid people annoy him. He has such a completely amiable, live-and-let-live nature, I think the only thing that *really* annoys him is when people who have good minds don't use them, or talented people who don't perfect their talents or who misuse them by being "difficult," temperamental, or egotistical—which he considers equally stupid.

I know that he admires and enjoys working with Henry Fonda, Cary Grant, Jimmy Stewart, Grace Kelly, Bob Cummings, Joseph Cotten and Vera Miles—not only because they are exceptionally fine, sensitive and dependable performers, but also because they are equally fine, sensitive and stable *people*. He calls them "believable people."

His great flair is, of course, for placing believable people in unbelievable situations, for turning the commonplace into the sinister. In "Shadow of a Doubt," for instance, which starred Joseph Cotten and Teresa Wright, the uncle of the small-town family featured in the film—a kindly, good-natured fellow—turned out to be a desperate murderer!

Daddy also enjoys turning the sinister into the commonplace, or comical. In "The Trouble With Harry," as you may recall, Harry was dead—but no tears were shed. As a body, he provided the comedy relief. When someone said of Daddy that "by some subtle power of suggestion" he has managed, on his TV shows, to make a shrunken head seem as homey as an old eggbeater, a baby carriage as ominous as a time bomb, Daddy couldn't have been more pleased. Of himself, he has said, "If I should make a 'Cinderella,' the audience would be looking for a body in the coach!"

His love of the paradoxical, the perverse, never shows to better advantage than in the supercilious stare he gives his TV viewers and in the sharp remarks with which he needles the sponsor. That the customers love it is proven by the gratifying way in which they are buying the poor, put-upon sponsors' products; it follows that the sponsors love it, too.

If I were obliged to describe, in a few words, my father as he is at home—I would say that he looks, behaves and is very much the way he appears on his TV shows. The truth is, he took his personality from home and put it on the television screen! The result has been gratifying to the sponsors—and astonishing to Daddy. After thirty years of making movies (with appearances, however brief, in each of them), he was seldom recognized in public. But it took only a few months of exposure on television to make him a celebrity of the kind bobby-soxers besiege for autographs.

However, that he should be a target for teenagers, at the age of 56 ("and losing my hair"), couldn't happen to a more appreciative man.

Being human, my father must have faults—one, at any rate. But I can't think what it is, unless it is that he makes puns and is pleased to have you do likewise. Upon his return from Africa a few weeks ago, I greeted him with a wire which read: "Welcome to a Happy Automobile!" (Interpretation: Happy automobile—a merry car. Hence: Welcome to America!)

While visiting Victoria Falls in Africa, Dad slipped and fell on his arm—"and decided," he told me, "that the place should be named Hitchcock Falls!"

This seems as fitting a tag as any to my tale of life with my father, Alfred Hitchcock!



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